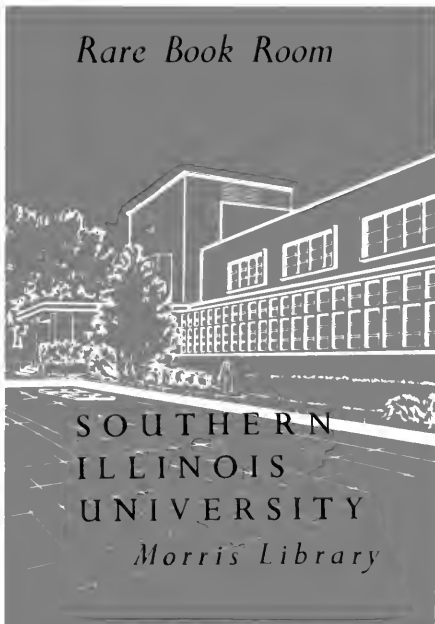


# SKETCHES

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MAYLON JONES

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# SKETCHES

A COLLECTION OF PAPERS ON VARIOUS  
SUBJECTS

BY

*MAYLON JONES*

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"The efforts of my soul to rise  
Above it's earth-born sympathies."

---WHITTIER

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1909

The Stafford Publishing Company,  
MARION, ILLINOIS

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THE AUTHOR



## DEDICATION

To those Students, whoever they are and wherever they may be, who with patience and persistence, are toiling in the rugged mines of Thought and Speculation for that Wisdom which maketh the true man or woman, this book is affectionately and fraternally dedicated

By the Author,

Marion, Illinois,

March 22, 1909.

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1969

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## CONTENTS

The Hills and Valleys	5
Notes on Geology	10
Formations and Causes	24
Evolution of Civil Society	41
Hope	49
The Great Day of the Lord	53
What the Public Expects of the Teacher	67
Our Vandals	77
The Ground Bird	81
Nelson	83
The Irish Famine	89
Death of Andrew Williams	95
One Cause of the Civil War	101
Fort Donelson	105
McClellan's Last Battle	109
The Americans in the Settlement of the Central West	114
The Beginnings of American Politics	137
Comments on Hamlet	159
Am I My Brother's Keeper?	176
The Voice of the Past	187
The Higher Law of Sacrifice	190
Symbolism	201
The Legend of the Serpent	205
The Religion of Moses	210
Patience	217
Reverence	219
Method	220
The Pot-theistic Theory	222
Truth Incarnated in Forms	227
The Things That Abide	230
The Summer Storm	240
A March Day	240
A Prayer	241
A Hymn	242

# SKETCHES

— 1855 —

The Hills and Valley

— 1855 —



The hills and valley are the most beautiful  
scenery I have ever seen. The hills are  
covered with a dense forest of tall  
trees, and the valley is a fertile  
land, producing a variety of crops.  
The people who live here are  
very kind and hospitable, and  
they are very fond of their  
country. They are very  
industrious and hardworking,  
and they are very  
friendly to strangers.

# SKETCHES



## The Hills and Valleys.



**T**O one interested in Nature nothing can afford more pleasure or instruction than a day's ramble in the fields and forests. There is a peculiar charm in the varied forms of organic life and something so lonely and full of pathos in the aspect of the hills and rocks, the grand old oaks and whispering grasses, that it fills one with a deep, indescribable emotion, an emotion that is akin to religion, a communion with nature, a silent uplifting of spirit to Spirit. on the mighty arch of thought.

I recently spent a day among the ridges and rocks in the eastern part of this county. Though in the month of February I found many green plants. Bunches of mullen and dock were growing in the fence corners and beside the little paths through the woods. Sprays of fern dropped gracefully down from rocky ledges, sometimes dipping into the little streams. Tufts of grass were springing up everywhere and I found no less than three varieties of rock moss, besides tree moss.

Of all the varied forms of living creatures that no doubt once found a home in these sheltered valleys but a pitiful remnant is left. Shy rabbits now and then sprang up from their snug beds and hustled away, and occasionally a small covey of quail would flutter noisily out from under the tangled vines and dead leaves and go off in great fright. Some crows, the cosmopolitans of the feathered tribes, were carrying on a loud conversation about something but left off when they saw me and flew out of sight.

Beginning near Attila and extending eastward into Saline County is a broad, low ridge. The

soil on this ridge is thin and the old sandstone crops out everywhere. The sandstone is mostly of a coarse, fragile character, full of cavities, containing mud and resting upon beds of shale, slate and a kind of dry, shelly coal. This ridge was evidently once washed by the waves of the ocean. Upon the higher portions among the drift I found fragments of corals and crinoids. Some of the crinoids grew upon stems at the top of which there was a star shaped cluster of arms or tentacles with which the animal grasped it's food. They grew in deep, clear water. On the southern slope are some fine old crinoidal limestones. Southward lie extensive coal beds, extending from Crab Orchard eastward many miles. This was at one time a marsh enclosed on the north by the old rocky beach now known as the Barrens. One sees everywhere the work of the waters. During the thousands of long years that have elapsed since the land was first lifted above the ocean waves the little trickling streams have eroded deep valleys and worn for themselves channels in the underlying rocks.

On a ridge near Brushy creek are several low mounds upon which may be found flints and other relics of pre-historic times left there by the Mound Builders. Why do you suppose those people built these queer mounds? Were they temples for their gods, towers for defense or observation, or are they tombs? We cannot tell for what purpose they were erected but we have evidence in the appearance and character of the relics found about them that their builders were of a low type of humanity. Though they had some specific object in view in throwing up these mounds, their ideas and plans were the emanations of a crude instinct similar to that which prompts the muskrat to build his house and leads the bird to weave its ingenious nest. That neither is absolutely necessary is plain, for the musquash could burrow in the bank and the sparrow could surely dispense with a lot of the weaving, and twisting and thatching whereby it constructs its summer home. But there is an inclination discernable in many of the lower animals as well as in man, to plan and construct that which is unnecessary, but is always wonderfully strange and



beautiful, which seems to be a natural uplifting and outgrasping of thought, the beginning, I might say, of genius. The propensity of the beaver to erect his dam at the expense of great labor, the hanging bird to weave its curious nest and primitive man to build his mounds culminates at last in the genius that in our own day plans the symmetrical structures of modern civilization, and the palace is the natural development of the Indian mound and the ondatra's marshy home.

# Notes on Geology



## I

**S**CIENCE is defined as knowledge set in order. Geology is the orderly arranged knowledge we have of the formation of the earth and the development of life upon it's surface.

In building up this noble science, more perhaps than in any other field of investigation the builders have depended upon reason and imagination. Yet the science is not to be despised on this account. In no other way could the scientist proceed in this case. Thus, observing the character and habits of mollusks now existing, where he found the fossilized remains of other mollusks deeply imbedded in the rock-ribbed earth, he reasoned that they, when living, were similar in character, habits and environment to those of our time. Seeing that water flowing for some time over the same course erodes a channel he concludes

that it always obeyed the same laws and produced the same effects. And looking back with the mind into that dim realm we call the Past, by the aid of the imagination he pierced the darkness with light again and painted, if not true, at least reasonable pictures of scenes the eye of man never beheld.

We cannot tell how old the world is. We do not know how long it has remained in its present form, much less can we tell the age of the matter of which it is composed. Truly it is not unreasonable to suppose that the atoms composing the physical universe always existed.

Evermore we stand confronted and surrounded by two colossal, fathomless, yet evident facts, Eternal Time, Infinite Space. Time never began and can never end. Space has no limits. Before these two mighty problems the finite mind of man must reverently bow. We perceive they are facts, yet in one sense they are incomprehensible. They are the two mysteries out of which all things emerge, and in which all things are buried,

What titanic influence upheaved the continents and hollowed out the ocean basins? How did it hap-

pen that the continents assumed such a striking similarity in position and contour?

There are three grand divisions of land, the American, European and Asiatic continents, each presenting the same general outline, though the Asiatic, by some means, was crowded westward of what might be termed its proper position and united to Europe and its southern prolongation broken up into fragments, or islands, thus leaving the Pacific more than twice as wide as the Atlantic Ocean. America seems to be the model continent though the other two present analagous features. Three-fourths of the land lies in the northern hemisphere in three great irregular blocks, and three corresponding triangular masses extend southward—Africa, Australia and South America. Three-fourths of the ocean basin lies in the southern hemisphere. The East and West Indies occupies the same position relative to America and Asia. The Mediterranean Sea separates Europe and Africa as the Caribbean Sea separates North and South America. While the two Americas are connected by the isthmus of Panama, Europe and Africa are separated by a

shallow strait probably opened in recent times, and Asia thrusts southeastward a strip of land called Malaya.

However the Geographers and Geologists consider the land as divided into two grand divisions, the Oriental and Occidental, or, the Eastern and Western Continents.

## II

Everyone who is not going through life asleep but with eyes open and mind alert, observing the varied phenomena of nature, the rocks, the hills, the valleys, the soils, etc. naturally asks how, when and why they were formed. So let us briefly notice some of the formative and destructive effects of the agents which nature has used through the long lapse of ages to accomplish her work. This subject is called Dynamical Geology and is very useful as well as interesting.

There seems to be two forces acting upon the earth—gravity, which draws everything down, and the sun's energy, which has an uplifting influence, by no means inconsiderable, as anyone will realize by observing the huge oaks and giant cypresses

that are drawn aloft by this gentle but mighty power. Gravity is the fiat of death but the sun's energy is the source of life.

Cohesion, adhesion and chemical affinity are universal physical forces allied to the force of gravity.

Life is an agent that has been active on the earth's surface since our globe was first sufficiently cooled to admit of the existance of organic beings.

Where now the verdant land smiles in the sunshine the ocean once flowed. Enormous masses of limestone were formed beneath that almost universal sea by the slow accumulation, year by year, through ages, of the calcareous shells and secretions of marine animals and plants, as

1. Mollusks, animals having a soft, fleshy, boneless body, often protected by a hard, calcareous shell. They were of two kinds:

(a) Univalves, as snails, periwinkles, conches, etc.

(b) Bivalves, as oysters, clams, mussels, and all their kindred, ancient and modern.

2. Corals, the secretions of Polyps.

3. Crinoids, creatures consisting of calcareous stems with radiating arms, the stem attached by roots to the mud and ooze at the bottom of the sea. They formerly grew in great profusion in the ocean.

4. Shells of Rhizopods, minute creatures of an infinite variety of forms.

5. Marine plants that contained calcareous secretions.

Siliceous or quartz rock was often formed by sponges,—colonies of single cell animals,—by Radiolarians, and by minute plants called Diatoms.

Phosphates has been supplied by the bones and other remains of animals.

Mainly from the vegetable world has been derived coal, graphite, shale and peat.

From all these sources was derived the soil, sand, clay, muck, the fertile loam, the firm earth, which we loosen with our plows, wherein we cast the hopeful seed and from whence we reap our harvest and derive our food. We all depend upon mother earth for support.

The chemical action of air and water is a destructive force, as it disintegrates slowly but surely

many rocks. In another sense it is formative, for the pulverized rocks become sand, clay, kaolin (from whence is made porcelain) and deposits of potash, salts, gypsum, etc.

Water often finds its way through the excavations of moles and other burrowing animals. It soon enlarges such crevices and in this way destroys embankments and forms new channels.

Earthworms, by the slow addition of their secretions upon the surface of the ground, make soil.

The wind transports dust and drifts it everywhere. The deposition of dust in this way in the course of time is considerable. Along sea and lake shores the loose sand is continually shifted about and sand hills from ten to thirty feet high are formed. Sometimes forests are buried until only the tops of the trees appear above the wind-swept waste, and hundreds of acres of fertile land gradually turned into a barren desert. Such phenomena may be observed along the shore of Lake Michigan and along the Illinois river. In many places ancient sand dunes appear, formed thousands of years ago, and now covered with grass and scrub oak,



The continual flow of water through centuries along the same channel erodes valleys of various depth and width. In this way all our little valleys were formed. The small eminences and ridges, which we call hills and bluffs are what is left of the ancient plateau or rounded plain formed in the Post-Glacial times and beneath which the coal measures were buried? In some places the streams have cut entirely through the recent deposits down into the carboniferous strata and the beds of coal and rock exposed

The material of which the coal and rock is composed was deposited by water. Thus we can trace the work of the waters on down through all the strata that have ever been explored.

Rivers make for themselves in flat, clayey countries, wide valleys or bottoms called flood plains. The flood plain of the Mississippi is in some places twenty miles wide.

In rocky regions rivers erode deep channels called canyons. The canyon of the Colorado is in places 5000 feet deep.

Rivers also carry along an immense amount of

material which is deposited upon islands and where the stream empties into the ocean and in this way alluvial plains are formed about the deltas of rivers. A large part of the State of Louisiana was reclaimed from the Gulf in this way. The detritus thus deposited forms soil of inexhaustible fertility.

Caves are formed by subterranean waters which wear away the soft earth and looser kinds of rock and leave the hard limestone still in place.

Ice has played an important part in the preparation of the earth's surface for the abode of man. Stones have been transported by floating ice and dropped where the ice dissolved. Glaciers, great streams of ice, formed from melting snow, have plowed their way along wide valleys for miles and upon finally dissolving have left great heaps of earth and stones called moraines.

### III.

A bleak, granitic ridge, covered with hardy pines and cedars, lying along the northern shore of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence river, extending northeastward to the Labrador coast and northwestward to the Arctic Ocean, is thought to be the oldest

land in the world, the first to be lifted above the waves of a universal ocean. Even the rocks comprising that ancient shore show traces of life. They contain the tiny veins and discolorations of plants and the casts of a race of Protozoans called *Eozoon Canadense* which means the Canadian Dawn Animal. The time, millions of years ago when that ancient barrier was being slowly lifted above the waves is called *Eozoic Time*, which means the Dawn of Life. It was the age of Protozoans, single-cell animals, the simplest form of animal life, creatures that multiply by simply sub-dividing. It was also the era of Iron. The iron mines of New York and Michigan and the Iron Mountain of Missouri belong to this era of the world's history.

Then followed the Silurian, Devonian and Carboniferous Ages, comprising what is termed *Paleozoic Time*, which means Ancient Life. The Silurian Age was named by Murchison from the Silures, the ancient inhabitants of Wales. It was the Age of Invertebrates. The temperature of the air and water was peculiarly adapted to the production of myriads of such creatures.

A few of the more numerous and important are as follows-

1. Radiates, as Corals, Crinoids and Starfish.
2. Articulates, as Trilobites and Eurypterus, the progenitors of the lobsters and shrimps.
3. Brachiopods, arm-footed mollusks, as the Lingula Antique, ancient little tongues, similar in size and appearance to a finger nail.
4. Cephalopods, hood-footed, as the Orthoceratite and Goniatite.

During the Devonian Age the ocean swarmed with fishes, mostly kinds allied to our modern sharks, gars and sturgeons, covered with hard, bony, thick scales, fitted together with hooks. They could turn their heads sideways, their air-bladders possessed a lung-like structure and they had many reptilian features,

The Age of Fishes was followed by the Carboniferous Era, so fraught with rich blessings for civilized man, when through a vast eon of time the torrid earth brought forth a rank growth of vegetation of a soft, spongy character, which purified the air by drinking up the dense, stifling carbonic gas with which the atmosphere was loaded and then, crushed down in

the marshes, and buried by the action of natural forces deep beneath later deposits of earth and rock eventually turned into the coal, whose carbon, long imprisoned, rejoices in its new found freedom as it glows and dances in our grates and sends out its generous warmth and good cheer to all.

Long, long ago it was stored away, centuries that lapsed into ages it slept, till finally, cast into the fire, oxygen unlocks the little cells and the carbon leaps into action again. It is resurrected in a new world to light up strange faces, to read its message from that far-off time to us. It might have said truly as it sank into its grave, 'Resurgam.'

Then a great change came. The coal measures were buried deep beneath hundreds of feet of slate, limestone and clay. The dry land in both Europe and America began to assume continental proportions. High, broken plateaus were raised to be carved and sculptured into mountains. Down their slopes little rills began to flow, furrowing out ever deepening channels, wearing away the rocks, growing into rivers, gushing with an abundance of water from the teeming clouds, hurrying to the sea, working gladly at their appointed tasks. For the world must be finished some day.

And their were queer things on land and sea, awful monsters, huge, uncanny creatures, that shook the ground with their mighty tread and lashed the sea to a foam in their ferocious rage. There was the Ichthyosaur or fish-lizard, often thirty feet long, the Pleiosaur, a veritable sea-serpent, the Dinosaur or terrible lizzard, the savage Lelaps, a powerful beast that could leap like a kangaroo, the Labyrinthodon, similar to a frog but as large as an ox, and crocodiles fifty feet in length. For that was the Age of Reptiles.

Then came the Tertiary or Drift periods, when over the verdant land, smiling in the sweet sunshine, stalked the Mastodon, the progenitor of the elephant, the Megatherium, which means the monstrous beast, a huge sloth, the Anoplotherium, from which the modern horse is descended, enormous cave bears, hyenas, elks, and many other forms, all now extinct or modified into modern species.

During the Drift Period or Glacial Epoch, the northern hemisphere, owing to some unknown cause experienced a cosmical winter, when a vast ice cap seems to have formed about the North Pole and gradually spread southward, ploughing out valleys, scrap-

ing off the tops of low hills and otherwise changing the face of the land. The bones of the reindeer and muskox are found in southern France.

As the ice was slowly receding and the floods were pouring through every channel and crevice and the great beasts, the hyena, cave bear, elk and mammoth were making their way northward through the dripping forests and along the lonely sea shores, they seem to have been accompanied by a still stranger creature, that walked upright, built fires, fashioned himself rude implements of stone and bone and was withal so subtle and shrewd that he soon achieved the proud distinction of King of Beasts. Not one alone, at least not one long. but a gang, perhaps several gangs; and, will you believe it?—they were our beloved fore-fathers and mothers.

## Formations and Causes.



**M**Y main object in this paper is to try to interest you in the noble science of Geology and provoke you to take up the study of it.

For I am sure that if any of you should become interested in the subject and take up the study of it, whether in a superficial and cursory, or in a more thorough way and with a view to master it you would be well repaid and greatly benefitted. For this science is no dull affair like the prosy and well-thumbed pages of mathematics and physics or grammar with their time-consuming and brain-racking problems and tedious rules, but it is as pleasant and interesting as any Christmas story you ever read. And a knowledge of this science will prove advantageous in a practical way, as a knowledge of the soils, minerals, etc., is of use to the agriculturist, miner, architect and engineer. It will constitute a broad and enduring foundation



upon which to erect what I might term your higher education. In fact a knowledge of Geology is necessary if you are ambitious to call yourself educated. It will arouse in you a renewed interest in the prosecution of your studies along other lines; for this great science is really a combination of sciences and is closely connected with all the sciences. And it will inspire you with a deeper admiration of the beauty of natural scenery, draw your attention to the purity and harmony of all the varied phenomena of Nature, and fill you with a profounder awe and reverence of that great and beneficent power of whose infinite thought all these wonderful works are but the shadow and manifestation of.

Consider for a moment this ponderous globe on which we live, this wonderful and beautiful Home of Man, rolling on through space on its mysterious pathway, at the rate of about seventeen miles a second, swifter than a cannon ball, smoothly and gracefully, without a jar or quiver, a magnificent ship bearing us across the deep gulf of infinity to the harbor of eternity; consider its fertile plains and rock-seamed hills, its broad continents and gray oceans, its green islands

and sparkling lakes, its rivers and forests, its countless and varied productions, its curious forms of animal life, its beautiful scenery, and astonishing adaptability to all the needs of all its inhabitants; and finally consider yourself, what a wonderful being you are, with the capacity to comprehend and enjoy all these rich gifts; and who shall describe the emotions that shall arise and grow out of a contemplation of all these things. And that soul would indeed be dead that would not thrill with a holy ecstasy and deep reverence in the rational consideration of these wonderful and beautiful facts. For the intelligent mind that is capable of comprehending and enjoying these things is greater than the things themselves.

“What a piece of work is a man!  
How noble in reason!  
How infinite in faculty!  
In form and moving how express and admirable!  
In action how like an angel!  
In apprehension how like a god!”

And in the contemplation of the wonders and a consideration of the methods of Nature the student approaches close to the very heart of the universe and stands in the very presence of the beneficent and eternal Creator. He feels a sense, as Wadsworth says:

“Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
And the round ocean and the viewless air,  
And in the mind of man,  
And rolls through all things.”

### QUARTZ.

Now, if we examine a piece of sandstone we will observe that it is composed mainly of an innumerable number of little stones held together somewhat loosely by the force of adhesion. These tiny stones are called grains of sand and are little fragments of old quartz rocks that were formed and crystalized ages ago and were afterwards crushed into powder and have ever since been sand. For all the crushing and grinding and pulverizing and soaking could not entirely destroy that old rock. Though broken into millions of fragments it is still the same old rock that has endured through thousands of centuries. For quartz is the hardest rock there is. It is so hard that it cannot by itself be melted by the hottest fire, neither can it be dissolved in water. But when it is mixed with soda or potash and subjected to a great heat, a chemical action takes place and the result is glass, and glass, you know, is a substance which the civilized

world could not very well get along without. The soda or potash does what no force of heat or cold or weight or water can do; it gently unlocks that stubborn quartz heart, hard and stony and cold and apparently dead all through the long ages and its influence enters that flinty soul and a union takes place and those two are one; and there you have your beautiful, smooth, transparent glass.

This wonderful old quartz rock, the least tiny atom of it, no larger than the head of a pin, has a history which, if it could but tell it, would prove more interesting than all the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. For a stone is a most interesting object. "There is," Mr. Ruskin says, "no natural object out of which more can be learned than out of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in Nature can be seen to some extent without patience and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless. But the stone under the foot has nothing for carelessness but stumbling, no pleasure is to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of

any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart and the unfatherly gift. Yet do but give it some reverence and watchfulness and there is bread of thought in it more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape. For a stone when it is examined will be found a mountain in miniature. 'The fineness of Nature's work is so great that into a single block a foot or two in diameter she can compress as many changes of form and structure on a small scale as she needs for her mountains on a large one; and taking moss for forests and grains of crystal for crags, the surface of a stone in most cases is more interesting than the surface of a hill; more fantastic in form and inconceivably richer in color.'

And if this is true of any kind of stone it is true of quartz. It is found in such beautiful varieties—in granite, flint, gneiss, shist, hornblende, marble and mica, and in wonderful and costly crystals, garnets, agates, jaspers, opals and diamonds, and hidden away in its crevices are found little veins of iron, lead, copper, silver and gold; and it is of such a great age that to hold a fragment in the hand and while gazing at its hard, unchanging, silent form, think of the time that

has elapsed since its formation and the changes that have taken place, fairly stuns and bewilders one. What are the ruins of ancient Rome compared with it! The pyramids of Egypt seem but the work of yesterday, and the whole history of the human race dwindles to a span, the dream of an hour, to the age of this old, old, hard, stout-hearted quartz rock. It is like a grave stone in the cemetery of a dead world.

There is a chemical substance known as silicon, and quartz is composed of one part silicon and two parts oxygen. Hence all quartz rocks are called silicates, and all substances composed mainly of silicates are called siliceous. Glass is a siliceous substance. Sandstone is a siliceous rock.

If you examine a piece of sandstone you will often find the little grains arranged in layers, though sometimes you will find them presenting what is called a bedded structure, where the layers are not easily discerned or cannot be noticed at all. However, if you will take a spade and cut down in a sandbank in the bed of a branch or along the shore of a river or the ocean you will find the sand presenting the same appearance exactly that it presents in an old

sandstone. Now we know how the sandbank is formed in a creek or along a river, for we can see it forming. Each little wave as it washes over the bank deposits its little load of sand and other materials and then recedes, to be immediately followed by another and another and another. So the work goes on, through the days and the nights, year after year, and thus slowly and steadily the sand is piled up, layer on layer until it grows perhaps many feet thick. Just so the sand that composes the old sandstone, whether buried a thousand feet beneath the soil or capping a lofty mountain, was deposited, in some bygone age, layer upon layer, by the waves of the ocean. It matters not where the rock is now. It may have been, since its formation, buried deep down beneath hundreds of feet of clay and soil and other rock or heaved up by some convulsion of Nature and tilted and twisted into a range of snow-capped mountains, but you may depend upon it that it was formed just as the sandbank is formed today, by the slow deposition of the little grains of quartz and other fragments, by the restless waves of a river or an ocean.

All rocks so formed, that is, by the deposition of sediment in water, or by water, are called sedimentary rocks. All kinds of sandstone and limestone, chalk, slate, shale, coal, clays and soils, are sedimentary rocks.

All liquids possess a property called buoyancy, greater or lesser according to their density. Thus solid material will float in or upon water. The power or buoyancy of water depends upon its depth. In the deeper parts of the ocean large masses of rock hang suspended in the water. If the water was perfectly motionless the sediment floating in it would remain floating in it forever. But no water is entirely motionless. Even a pound with no outlet and no current rises and falls. If it have no lateral motion it has at least a vertical one. But the ocean has currents, and tides and storms, and the sediment suspended in the water is borne onward until it reaches a place where the force of gravity overcomes the buoyancy of the water and the sediment sinks to the bottom and lies there. It is soon covered with other deposits and thus the shore is slowly built up. This work has gone on for unnumbered centuries and thus



by the force of gravity whole continents have been built up. Not only does gravity preserve the earth and all the inhabitants thereof but it actually formed the earth. It built the solid old world we live upon. And it not only built the solid earth and still preserves it but it caused it to be. For the atoms composing the Solar system were originally a mass of nebulous fire-mist whirling through space, an enormous revolving wheel of luminous gases which threw off vast masses as its velocity increased; each mass gradually assuming a spherical form, condensing as it cooled, becoming slowly encased in a crust which grew thicker and more compact until finally capable of spontaneously producing and supporting both vegetable and animal life, each mass eventually becoming a beautiful world rolling in its magnificent orbit around the great, central, fiery mass we call the Sun. And all this because of that law whereby bodies are attracted toward each other with a force directly proportional to the product of their masses and inversely as the square of their distance apart. Thus the force of gravity caused the earth, created the earth and preserves it today.

Besides sedimentary rocks, which are formed by water and solidified by heat and pressure, there are two other kinds, igneous rocks, such as lavas and basalts, which are of volcanic origin, and metamorphic rocks, such as granite, gneiss, limestone, marble and shist, which are sedimentary rocks that have been subjected to so great a heat that they have become crystalized.

#### LIMESTONE.

Limestone is a very interesting rock because it owes its existence to living organisms both animal and vegetable. It is the cemetery of the mighty past, the quiet resting place of the dead forms of ages gone by. Crushed in their silent graves in the hard, cold rock, the countless little forms that once peopled the seas with glad life now sleep the years away. For limestone is almost entirely formed of the shells and secretions of animals, such as corals, sponges, crinoids and mollusks. These animals have the power of secreting the lime from the food upon which they subsist and it becomes a part of their bones and shells. When they die their calcareous remains sink to the bottom

and in time become hardened into rock. It is called calcareous rock, from the word calc, which means lime. Pure lime is a compound of lime and carbonic acid. There are many varieties. It is useful as a building stone. When the carbonic acid is expelled by heat the result is quick-lime, which, when moistened with water becomes cement or plaster.

One who has never before carefully examined limestone and other rocks will be surprised at the number of animal remains which they contain. Even old flints and quartz fragments lying about on the ground almost everywhere contain fossils. They may often be observed in the old arrow points found scattered about and in monuments, gravestones, and in the water worn pebbles along rivers and creeks. The old-fashioned millstones that use to grind our flour before the day of roller mills were full of shells, The rocks about our coal mines contain a great many. They are easily overlooked and are seldom noticed. They tell in their silent way an impressive story of the old world we inhabit and of the life of past ages.

Through all the centuries of the past since our globe was sufficiently cooled to admit of the existence

of living creatures, the ocean has swarmed with life. The limestones are the depositories of the records of that olden time. Long before any human beings lived on the earth, before the mastodon stalked through the forests, before the coal was formed, the old limestones were built up in the bed of the ocean or along its shores. They were built of the bones of fishes, the shells of mollusks, the cells of coral-builders, and the old homes of whole colonies of sponges and other little creatures called protozoans, or one-cell animals. Of all these materials ground up and pulverized and cemented together the limestone was made. Think what untold myriads of living beings have had their little day and died and contributed their mites to the upbuilding of the continent that was some day to be the home of civilization and intelligent thought.

The great mass of the older limestone was formed from the secretions of polyps and other microscopic animals. They inhabited the seas in such vast numbers that the oldest division of Geological time is called the Age of Protozoans.

Coral is a hard, beautifully tinted, stony secretion formed by millions of animals called polyps. They

live in the sea and are still building coral reefs in the Pacific Ocean, along the coast of Florida and in many other parts of the world. In all the long past they have wrought, ever building, building, building. They have lain the foundation and built the rock bound shores of whole continents.

Sponges are the fibrous secretions of colonies of protozoans; creatures consisting of but a single cell, but growing from the old stalk like the leaves of a bush. There are other protozoans called rhizopods, which are beautiful little creatures of various forms but all so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye. The ooze of the sea bottom is composed mainly of their shells and they contributed large quantities of material to the rocks. Chalk is composed of the fossil shells of such creatures. When you make a mark on the blackboard with a piece of chalk you crush thousands of them.

The crinoids are species of Radiates, having a stem attached to a rock or other object and supporting a sort of body surrounded by arms. The entire creature consists of rings or joints of shell as hard and white as porcelain. They added much material to the limestones as in ancient times they abounded in great numbers.

A mollusk is an animal with a soft, fleshy body protected by a hard, limy shell, as oysters and clams. Mollusks at one time abounded in such vast numbers that the second great division of Geological history is often called the Age of Mollusks.

To me the most interesting animals in the world are the mollusks. The mussels, oysters and snails of our day are the descendants and lawful heirs of a long line of such creatures of an almost infinite variety and extending back into the misty past millions of years. Their ancestors lived when the ocean waves swept over the country where we now live and their hard shells yet lie buried deep in the old Carboniferous limestone.

#### COAL.

We find so much that is strange and wonderful in the study of the formation of the earth's surface and the development of life thereon that we are apt to regard it as a dream of the imagination and it requires a second thought to remind us that we are considering facts. And of all the strange facts revealed to us none is more wonderful than the story of the gigantic

ferns that once grew in the marshes and were eventually transformed into coal. In our own time ferns are small, feathery plants growing in damp places and dipping their little plumes into the flowing water of rills and springs almost wholly unnoticed by man or beast. But there was a time when species of ferns and other marsh-loving plants grew thick and rank and to a considerable height. The earth quivered with internal heat, the air was humid with dense vapors full of malarial poisons and carbonic gases and day after day the red lightnings flashed, thunders rolled through the dark, lowering heavens and the rains poured down. The ferns and their gigantic comrades grew luxuriantly in such an environment, but being plants of a quick growth and frail character they were soon crushed down. They were succeeded by others that met the same fate until in some places the decaying mass was many feet thick. It was eventually buried beneath successive layers of mud, limestone and clay and changed into coal.

If you will visit a coal-bank you will see there all that is left today of that ancient growth. If you will examine a lump of the coal you will see layer

upon layer of the black, shiny substance. Cast into the grate how cheerily it burns. Its glow lights up the room, irradiates the faces of those around, and shines through the window afar into the winter night. Thrown into the furnaces it awakens to life the giant Steam and he turns the ponderous wheels and grinds our flour, and drives the locomotive over the rails; forces the ship through the waves, and aids in a thousand other ways the onward march of Civilization.



## Evolution of Civil Society.



**C**IVILIZATION means throwing off the brute inheritance. It is the elimination of all that is brutal and savage in human nature. Not until this great work is completed will mankind be truly civilized. At present we are but partially civilized. There is yet room for much improvement notwithstanding all our boasting.

Slavery, polygamy, war, dancing, drunkenness and the love of ornamentation are relics of barbarism. The exultation that thrills a boy when he hears the beating of a drum is a heritage bequeathed to him by his warlike fore-fathers. People inherit the love of dancing from their barbarous ancestors. Holmes says we are omnibuses in which our ancestors ride. When you see a young lady whirling through the mazes of the dance just remember that some savage grandmother of hers is taking a ride, Some people want to

dance when they hear quick music. How silly. Not until we divorce the dance, the jig and the shuffle from music, heaven born, can we claim to be civilized.

The love of personal ornaments comes from the heathen before us. They loved to bedeck themselves with rings and beads and daub themselves with paint. Making holes in the ears and suspending ornaments from them are heathenish practices, and so also is the wearing of feathers in the hat.

Marriage, stripped of all the ceremony and sentiment with which it is usually associated among civilized people is merely a union in obedience to a higher law of nature for the mutual care of offspring by both parents. Something similar may be observed among the lower animals. Since the beginning of civilization marriage has been regarded as under an ethical law which requires that a man shall "leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." This is a duty he owes to his children as well as to his wife. Many people believe that marriage is a divine institution. Thus we find it included among the ordinances of some churches.

It appears that man was naturally inclined to be

a polygamous animal. In a state of nature, unhampered by any ethical or moral laws to the contrary he almost invariably indulged in the luxury of what Bill Nye called "a multitudinous wife." But even among savages we find that sometimes they concluded that a man might be so deficient in sense as to require a law to govern him. Thus a traveler in Africa claimed to have found a tribe which had a law limiting the number of the kings' wives to 3333, which was certainly a most reasonable law.

Man is also a gregarious animal. Primarily he roamed through the interminable Quaternary forests in gangs consisting of the old gray-bearded patriarch, his numerous wives and their savage progeny. A carnivore from the beginning he first devoured flesh raw but eventually he learned to light a fire and finally to cook his food. But all of a large gang could not assemble around one fire. Someone suggested,—wasn't it a brilliant idea?—Why not light another fire? No sooner said than done and lo, here we have a division. Around the new fires old associations were broken, new ties were formed and thus the tribe was divided up into clans. But man has

never lost his gregarious habit. To this day he gathers into towns and villages, into clubs, societies, churches and clans. People will travel miles to see each other, to sit around the same fire and associate together. Were it not for this natural inclination man would live apart and alone, wild and fierce. No love would tame his savage heart, no emotion soften his brutal nature. Civilization would be an impossibility, and neither morals, ethics nor religion would exist. The experience of Alexander Selkirk, cut off from all intercourse with his fellow men, the lone monarch of an island in a vast ocean, instead of being the most wretched imaginable would have been a pleasant one. To this gregarious nature mankind owes all it has ever accomplished.

The love of war is a heritage of the times when mankind waged universal warfare. We are told that one starry night centuries ago the angels appeared, singing "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will toward men." Was not that a grand song? Should we not celebrate that day with good deeds and great rejoicing? Thousands of years men had fought each other like wild beasts and knew nothing

better. Now along the sky-line of the distant hills, by the margin of the dark wood, and across the meadow slope, borne on the gentle winds from seraphim bands of heaven to suffering, wretched, bleeding men came the whispered word, "Peace." Anon, breaking forth in a glorious symphony, swelling on the crest of the surging tempest, echoing along the mountain canyons, and sweeping on over the tossing billows of the ocean, around the world, rang the new song, the angel chorus of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"—bringing love and life and liberty—ushering in the morning of the new day. O glorious song of brighter beings—glorious day of Peace on Earth.

Time is long. Centuries have passed away since the angels sang that song of peace. Since then man has contended over a thousand battle fields. His combative nature could not be changed at once. But our faith teaches us that the day will come when war will be no more and the Prince of Peace will reign supreme in the hearts of men.

By a gradual process of development man has risen from a mere brute to his present high position

and is destined to go still higher. This is the science of civilization. This is what is meant by throwing off the brute inheritance. Moses, Jesus, Paul, Luther, Channing and all the good men of the past were reformers, evolutionists, saviors. They worked for the uplifting of humanity. To the devoted efforts and unselfish sacrifices of such men the world owes all the light it has received. And the Heavenly Father has from the outset inspired such men and blessed their efforts. Pre-eminent above all stands the cross of Christ with its bleeding sacrifice, at once a victim of the brutality of man and the day-star of better things.

All living creatures are our brothers. The same infinite mind designed the laws that brought us all into being. All have had to contend with tooth and nail for the pleasure of existence. In that long struggle when with many a check and reverse, order seemed to contend with chaos for the supremacy how valiantly those savage ancestral creatures fought for the poor boon of life. How they roared and splashed in the warm, Jurassic seas. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was the law then. But

the morning was to come at last. The glorious sun was to shine by and by. Out of the pandemonium of brute ferocity man would arise. Brute force would yield to love and heaven's glittering hosts encamp around.

Less than two thousand years ago our ancestors, in savage hordes, from the central plateaus of Asia, invaded every nook and corner of Europe. They were a barbarous, ignorant gang. They knew nothing of books and cared nothing for the beautiful in art or nature. They swept all before them, sparing nothing. But what were Vandals and Goths compared to the manlike creatures of an earlier age who lived in caves or in huts built over lakes or marshes. But carry the mind back to a still more remote time and notice the condition of our progenitors then; crouching in dens, wild, flat-skulled, armed with rude stone implements, sucking the marrow from bones, wearing all the semblance of brutes, merely a little more shrewd than the other animals. Take another leap into the depths of the past and where is man! Lost amid the countless forms of organic life of a pre-historic world. Thus by slow degrees

through the workings of the infallible law of natural selection all organic forms have been evolved and developed. Last of all came man. Is it not plain that he was the object of creation from the first? On this subject John Fiske says, "According to Darwinism the creation of man is still the goal toward which nature has tended from the beginning. Not the production of any higher creature but the perfecting of humanity is to be the glorious consummation of nature's long and tedious work?" Is not this an inspiring thought? It shows us that it is not necessary that God should violate his own laws in order to accomplish his designs; that within the laws He has established there is ample room and scope for him to perform all his wondrous works. It teaches us that we should regard all his creatures as our brothers and be kind and merciful toward all. And it increases our faith in the immortality of the higher life for which all nature has wrought from that distant time in the eternity gone by when God said "Let there be Light" As in the eternal ages of the Past, in the Love of God, man existed, so in the eternity to come he will exist; not as then, in Design, but in Individuality.



# Hope



“**H**OPE” writes one, “is the solace of a wretched race.” How mournfully true. Hope is the base of all religion, the source of all morality, the day-star of our lives, the mother of culture, the key to all advancement. Looking forward we catch a glimpse of some bright, sun-lit summit beyond and we struggle across the chasm that intervenes between us and the object of our efforts across the burning sand and barren wastes, up the stony heights of almost inaccessible mountains, with bleeding hands and bruised feet, onward and upward to the shining goal of our aspirations. Arrived at last, weary and faint, we look beyond and we see still another summit, and when we have attained to that we see beyond us still another. So it is through life. So it has been through all the history of the human race. Thousands drop by the wayside and die but the rest press on. The outcome is Progress. Each New Year day finds the whole race a little in advance of

the position it occupied a year before. We scarcely live in the present. Our thoughts are all centered upon something in the future, some happier time, some period in the eternity to come, when all our hopes and plans and labors will attain to a glad and glorious fruition. The present stands on tip-toe and earnestly peers into the future. If we see no chance for the satisfying of the heart yearnings of the present in this life frail, child-like humanity will look even beyond the grave. Human hope is so tenacious that it will even dare to launch out into the dark abism of eternity and plant its tendrils there. For hope is our dearest solace. It is the staff of life, the bread upon which the soul feeds. It is so intricately and closely entwined about our hearts that the elimination of it would shatter the weak grasp of life itself and leave but a lonely wreck to float down the turbid stream of time to a hopeless oblivion. We will never yield our hope. It is more to us than life. Life would be an empty void but for this dear mirage, this darling of our souls. We see our loved ones lowered into the narrow grave and we realize that they can never return to us in this life, but we look

beyond, toward the bright summits of immortality. Those glorious summits may be realities or they may be mere clouds floating in the empyrean of the imagination, but to us they exist, to us they are real. No matter about evidence; we ask none, we look for none; but we imagine that behind the dark veil of the future there exists a day of meeting and rejoicing with the same dear spirits that have now vanished from our sight; some day, somewhere, they will meet us. We do not care anything about particulars; there is no hope in figures, no solace in geometrical forms or dimensions. The twelve gates and the twelve thousand furlongs, the walls of jasper and the city of gold, the sapphire and emerald, the pearl and the glass shrink and fade away before the joy of meeting with the little ones who have left us; with old friends, common, every-day people, with whom we have walked and talked down here in this world, this Island of Hope. All the glory and glitter does not affect us so much as the attaining of the object of our hope, the possession of our longed for happiness. God pity those who are without hope: pity those who are content to rest their hope on this fleeting life.

Better to believe in an unproved immortality. Better to base our hope on an illusion than to have no hope. Hope civilizes and humanizes and enobles. Hope makes Christians. Hope brings mercy and love and tenderness. It is the philosophy of all history, all progress, all morality, all law. All the inventions of our own noble age are the result of hope. They enable us to get on faster. They are levers to be used in the uplifting of humanity.

Doubtless we can never prove our immortality, but hope, the bright morning-star of every true soul, the harbinger of victory in every avenue of earthly life, bids us still believe in it. And it makes better men and women of us. It distinguishes us from the brute from whence we derived our earthly origin. It makes us truly human. It alone makes life worth the living, It encourages us in our toil. It lifts us up to serener heights of existance, to purer thoughts, to nobler purposes, to higher aspirations, and truer motives. And weak and blind though we may be, yet with this highest hope, this most cherished faith, we may reach up through the darkness and

“Touch God’s right hand in that darkness  
And be lifted up and strengthened.”

# The Great Day of the Lord.



“The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”

**W**E can realize the truth of this declaration far more clearly than could Paul. He lived in the dim twilight of that Great Day; we live in the early morning. Jesus Christ, whose influence was then comparable to the light of the morning star has since become as a Sun of Righteousness. Then the long Night of the world had not yet ended; there was but the faint promise of the Day. We can begin to see more clearly, and to understand the meaning of the great Past as it was never understood before.

In the Bible story of creation we read. “The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light; and the evening and the morning were the first day.” Here we have a

hint of the true order. First the darkness, then the light; first the night, then the day; first the wandering in error and ignorance, then light, hope, faith, leading on to civilization; first the long Night of the World, then the great Day of the Lord.

Our little lives span but a slight fraction of this mighty progress of the omniscient Will; and we are prone to take a narrow and despairing view of human life. We see so little progress made that it scarcely seems an advance at all; and men give up in despair, too discouraged to make any upward effort, forgetting in their impatience the shortness of human life as compared to the vast stretch of time in which God is working out His mighty plan. Ten thousand years are as a day with Him and He hastens not because of you or me. As Emerson says "There is a sublime and friendly destiny by which the human race is guided to results affecting masses and ages. Men are narrow and selfish but the genius or destiny is not narrow but beneficent."

For ages preceding the appearance of man on this earth it was the scene and theater of unchecked brute violence. The pre-historic monsters that once

dominated in earthly scenes were fierce and ferocious to a degree scarcely within the grasp of our comprehension. They swarmed into the shallow bays and sultry lagoons and fought and devoured each other in their blind, unreasoning fury remorselessly. Little was there in that long drawn out struggle to suggest hope for a better day, little to lead anyone to predict the final triumph of mercy and peace. But God was guiding the world as the pilot guides the ship through the darkness and storm to a haven of light and shelter.

And the evidence is conclusive that Man was primarily almost if not wholly void of moral knowledge and character; he was in darkness and ignorance. In craftiness and cruelty he was closely akin to the savage brute, and it was only through the slow lapse of centuries that his brutal propensities were ameliorated and he became worthy to be denominated a Human Soul.

In the time of the patriarchs, Abram, Isaac and Jacob, the masses of the people could have had but the lowest, most degraded conception of God, of moral law, of social duty, or of material facts. Traditions

were extant among them of the creation, the deluge, and the origin of diverse languages. But as these stories were told by one generation to another, handed down from father to son and thus perpetuated in the memory of men there is no doubt that each time they were retold there was some addition on the part of the narrator or misunderstanding on the part of the hearer and a resultant variation in the tradition, and thus in time each tribe came to have its own especial inheritance of legendary myths.

For instance, the Assyrian tradition of the deluge was that four of the gods met in the city of Sur-ip-pak and decided to cause a flood. They gave orders to a man named Kassi-saddri to build a ship, large enough to hold his family, his servants and all his cattle. When Kassi-saddri had built the ship and had gotten himself safely aboard with all his goods and chattels and closed the door the flood came and destroyed all the rest of mankind. It would have continued on indefinitely if a certain goddess named Ish-tar had not entreated the gods to cause it to cease. After the flood had considerably assuaged Kassi-saddi sent out a dove, but it returned. Next



he sent out a swallow which also returned. Finally he sent out a raven which never came back. Kassissaddri then went forth out of the ship and built an altar on a mountain peak and offered sacrifices to the gods, who signified their pleasure by exhibiting the Bow of Anu in the sky.

Whatever truth may sleep behind that dim but majestic form denominated on the pages of ancient history as Abraham, he stands out to us like a noble but distant mountain peak, remote and cloud-en-shrouded, yet with something so majestic, so superior to his surrounding environment, so truly patriarchal, so godlike, that he makes one think of Deity. "By faith," wrote the Apostle, "when he was called to go out into a place which he should afterwards receive for an inheritance, he obeyed and went out, not knowing whither he went." A man in that far-off time obeyed the call; one man had faith in God and followed Him trustingly.

In that time Egypt and Assyria were the two leading nations of the world; Egypt in the valley of the Nile and Assyria in the valley of the Euphrates, separated by hundreds of miles of barren rocks and

burning deserts. But a great highway, leaving Erudi, at the head of the Persian Gulf, the old capital city of the Sumeri, passed up the valley of the Euphrates, through Accad the capital of the country of the ancient Accadians, through Erech the chief city of Chaldea, and Ur,—perhaps the same as Erech—the place from whence Abraham set forth on his journey, through Babel in the land of Shinar, on up through Ninevah and across the great plains of Padan Aram to Harran; whence it turned south and passed through Damascus and the land of Canaan, on down into Egypt and the celebrated valley of the Nile. This road was the great highway of commerce and emigration during centuries of time, and it was along this road that Abraham traveled, seeking that land that God had promised to him, going on until the Voice said, “This is it; unto thee and thy seed will I give this land;” where he sojourned among strangers, pitching his tent from time to time in various places but always building an altar and calling upon the name of the Lord.

Probably in the times of Moses, Joshua and David, when the art of writing was known,—at least

picture writing or hieroglyphs—many of the old traditions were inscribed on tablets of brick or tiles. Very likely the stories now condensed in the book of Genesis, as well as portions of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua and Judges, were then in fragments, preserved on tiles or tablets of stone. Afterwards the entire account was written out as we have it about the time of Ezra, after the return from the Babylonian captivity. But the facts or data, however preserved, were known in the time of Solomon and during a long period antecedent to him, reaching back into the dim shadows of a primeval age when events appear grotesque and distorted in the uncertain gloom.

The pages of history as well as of the Bible attest to the great darkness of that older world. A perfect delirium of cruelty and crime possessed men. Jewish, Persian, Syrian, Grecian and Roman history prove its wide spread universality. The whole world was one wide theater of continual conflict, bloodshed and crime.

Of the moral condition of the ancients Paul wrote: "God gave them up to uncleanness through

the lusts of their own hearts, who changed the truth of God into a lie and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator; for this cause God gave them up unto vile affections; He gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness, full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity, whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, spiteful, proud, boastful, inventers of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, unsociable, implacable, unmerciful, who knew the judgment of God that they who commit such things are worthy of death, yet not only do the same but have pleasure in those who do them."

Even the priests were ignorant and depraved. Malichi says, "If I be a father where is my honor and if I be a master where is my fear? saith the Lord of hosts unto you O priests that despise my name." Zechariah says, "Execute true judgment and show mercy and compassion, every man to his brother and oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, nor strangers, nor the poor. But they refused to hearken,

they stopped their ears that they should not hear, they made their hearts as an adamant stone." Ezekiel says, "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves; should not the shepherds feed the flock? But ye eat the fat, ye clothe yourselves with wool; ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock. The diseased ye have not strengthened, nor healed the sick nor bound up the broken nor brought back those that were driven away nor sought the lost; but with force and cruelty have ye ruled them." Jeremiah says, "O, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men that I might leave my people and go away from them; for they are all adulterous, they are an assembly of treacherous men." Isaiah compared the watchmen of Israel to dogs. "They are greedy dogs, they never have enough; they are shepherds that cannot understand; they all look to their own ways, every one is for his own gain, every one looks out from his own quarter for self. They say 'Come, I will fetch wine and we will fill ourselves with strong drink; and tomorrow shall be as today only much more abundant.'"

Perhaps it will hardly be safe to look very

steadily at the character and records of David and Solomon. In the awful struggles and misfortunes of later times the Jews got into a habit of looking back with longing eyes to the time of David and Solomon and regarding it as the golden age of Israel, when the nation prospered, its armies were victorious and its power and magnificence was great and illustrious. David and Solomon were regarded as the heroes of that glorious era; they were almost worshipped as gods by the people; and the Christian Churches have unwittingly succeeded to a heritage of glamour and infatuation on the subject. People overlook the story of David's treachery and cruelty and of Solomon's idolatry and debauchery, and David is extolled as a saint and Solomon as a wise man and a writer of sacred literature. There is no certain evidence that David wrote a single one of the psalms; but even if he did write some of them it would not disprove the fact that he was cruel and malicious. He repented of his crime against Uriah but not until after he had enjoyed the fruit of that crime; and Solomon was the child of that treacherous and adulterous deed. And we cannot forget his dying charge to Solomon to put

to death old Joab, the old brave who had so often led David's armies in the onset of battle; nor the flagitious manner in which the charge was executed. Writing poems, proverbs and hymns are not conclusive proof of the moral perfection of the author. Nothing in the English language is finer than Byron's poem on the destruction of the Assyrian host, but there was never a more depraved, immoral character lived than Byron.

All the nations of those ancient times worshipped idols. Their idols were originally images of a thought or ideal, hence the name, idol. The idol was the image, the ideal was the thought it represented, that is, the god, of whom it was a symbol or picture or image; and the god was some natural manifestation of power, beauty or beneficence or some human passion or virtue personified. But the masses of the people were too ignorant and simple to understand this and they accepted the image itself as a god and worshipped it. They did not have the mental power to look beyond the image and realize the idea it represented; and it often happened that in time the entire nation, priests and all, forgot the idea and

retained only the idol. To it they bowed down, before it they performed their savage rites, and to appease it they offered up their sacrifices, often their own children.

That ancient world was in gross ignorance of any true conception of God. The Jews through the Mosaical law were taught something of the Divine character, especially His power. The Gentiles had their philosophies, mechanical, contradictory, grotesque. The Stoacs taught a life of passive, unflinching endurance of the joys and ills of life. The Epicureans on the other hand taught a life of indulgent ease. No teacher could speak with any degree of confidence or authority, and men had an equal right to accept or reject their teachings. It was essential that the love and mercy of God should be manifested to men. The way had been prepared for this manifestation; the consummation of the plan must be in the hearts of men. "Love God" is the greatest law, but it was not the oldest law. At first the masses of mankind were not qualified to receive and obey such a law. The human soul had not been sufficiently developed. Men were too base and brutal to comprehend the idea of love toward God; they had to be ruled by fear, "Fear God, and keep



his commandments," was impressed upon their minds. Yet from an early age a few choice souls, far in advance of the mass of the people, were fighting their way toward the light, reaching out in the darkness toward the great, soul-stirring, uplifting thought of Love to God and men. And the commandment was given "Love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind and strength." Yet how few attained to a true conception of the meaning and purport of that commandment; how few conscientiously obeyed it. Yet it is incontrovertibly true that the human soul would not nor could not be perfected, completed, furnished to every good work, and worthy of its Creator until attuned in perfect accord with the Divine Love through perfect and loving obedience to the Divine command. "The great Day of the Lord," "the light that never was on sea or land," the life and liberty of righteousness, the hope of eternal salvation, could never irradiate the hearts and homes of men until the human soul was completely furnished and enabled to truly worship and adore its Divine maker. Then God was manifested in Christ, to reconcile the world to Himself;

and the example of Christ's life and death and his suffering on the cross has a tendency to draw all men to him. In him they behold the character of that God whom they should serve; and in the contemplation of his bleeding form they are convicted of their sins and led to humble themselves, to repent of their own uncharitable lives, and to love and obey the author and finisher of their faith.

Through Christ's life and death men are led to love God, and obey his righteous laws. Love, unselfishness, Christlikeness, loving service to God and neighbor, this is the completion of the human soul. And the completion of the human soul, rendering it worthy of its Creator, able to comprehend Him in love, glorious in its possibilities, means the dawn of the Great Day of the Lord, the triumph of Faith in God, leading men to such righteous conduct that the uplifting and salvation of the entire human race will eventually be accomplished.

# What the Public Expects of the Teacher.



**I**N the first place the teacher ought to be a successful instructor. Nothing pleases parents better than to know that their children are advancing rapidly in their studies. And to be a successful instructor the teacher must be qualified for his work. He should always be far in advance of his pupils. He should be as near perfect as possible, for both the public and the school are harsh critics and relentless judges. They never excuse. They may pretend leniency but really there is none given. Let the teacher therefore be careful and leave no gaps down. The public expects him to be faultless in language, sure in knowledge, broad in intellect, a man of order, unmoved by excitement or fanaticism. In storm or sun, when the elements and the passions are at tide or ebb, the school grinds on. At the head stands the master, a symbol of unchangeable-

ness, the exemplification of law. The school and its master is like a rock amid the stormy seas of life. Grown-up children may get excited over some tempest in a teapot and rave and roar and run up and down, but the school grinds steadily on and recalls us to our senses.

To be a successful instructor the teacher must understand human nature. The acquirement of an education is an intuitive process. You can never teach the uninterested child. Tell him never so many times and your instruction will be swept away by the first interesting thought. Hence the teacher must first, if possible, get the student interested in his studies and then he will learn of himself. Filled with zeal he will dig down deeper and deeper in his own mind and find out what is there. And all is there did he but know it. Science, art, language, nature, the universe, lie imbedded in our minds just as the view we see before us is really an impression upon the optic nerve within the brain. These things are not distant and afar but nigh at hand and nestling closely within like a jewel in its setting. And the student should be permitted to some extent at least

to pursue his favorite studies and never made a drudge, for it were certainly better that a child stand at the head of one class than to occupy an inferior place in all. He should be provoked to learn, tempted, excited, kept if possible in a perfect ecstasy and fever of expectation. This is the hardest part of the teacher's task yet it is necessary to success.

To be successful in this respect the teacher must himself be full of zeal. He must be interested in his work. And if he finds his interest beginning to wane and he can by no means recall his zeal he should leave the profession and take up something else, for a dull teacher can have but an indifferent success at the best. As an incentive to ever renewed effort to excel as a successful instructor the teacher should realize the high character of his calling. No profession is more honorable than that of the school-teacher. The teachers and the clergy are brothers in one grand fraternity, laboring in the same field, for the uplifting of humanity, for enlightenment and progress, truth and righteousness. Other men direct their energies to the task of feeding and clothing mankind but these labor for the welfare of the mind and soul.

Not one enlightened man nor one cultured family can make a civilization but all must be somewhat enlightened. The whole nation must be educated and lifted to a higher plane. Here is a wide field of labor and a noble work to perform. Upon the public school system and the teachers rests in great part the destiny of our country and the success of all our noble institutions.

In the second place it is expected of the teacher that he shall possess a character of the highest stamp. True morals are above criticism and the reputation of the teacher should never become the subject of suspicion. Every lesson, the example of every true life, the moral of all history, should appeal to him in language that he should not misunderstand and in a way that he should find irresistible. He should hold himself ever above the baser passions and faults of common mortals and be quickly perceptive of justice and the right. Let him ever remind himself of the high position he holds and never stoop to that which is servile and base. Let him carefully shun the petty faults of petty men.

In the third place it is expected of the teacher

that he shall be a scholar. To this end he should devote his life and energy without reserve or stint to his profession. Let him not come to have a divided interest. Let him not burden his mind with property, with lands or merchandise, that will demand his attention and draw him from his high profession. The public expects him to be a man of leisure and will be surprised and disappointed if it see him plunging into something foreign to his true work. Let him depend solely upon teaching as a means of support and improve every spare moment in the culture of the intellect to the end that he may be one of the world's true scholars and grow into a greater intellectual stature and broader knowledge each day he lives.

Books are a necessity to the scholar yet if he depends too much upon them he will become cranky and pedantic. An entire dependence upon books has a narrowing effect upon the mind. It begets a weakness and timidity. The student becomes as helpless as a fly in a web. He is a mental invalid and dare not venture outside lest a breath from the cold world outdoors, with its ships and trains, its buying and selling, its bustle and clatter of trade and traffic

make him quake in his shoes. Because he places no dependence upon himself, he neglects to use the faculties with which nature has equipped him. That which is not clear to him remains a puzzle to his brain, if by chance his book writers have not solved it and set forth the solution in black and white.

He should be a reader and study the conclusions of other and perhaps greater minds. But he too should be a thinker and a student at first hand. Why should he always put up with that which is second hand and which not infrequently turns out to be inferior goods? He too has a mind, into which all things, all truth, heaven and earth, shall be poured in a crystal stream if he will but consent to open wide the door. The whole universe invites you. There is no time to loiter, pipe in mouth, in silly chatter and idle gossip. Know yourself. Find out as much as possible for yourself. Accept no man's estimate except only in so far as it may serve as a step to that higher estimate which is your own inalienable prerogative. Behold these inexhaustable mines of truth, these vast fields of thought and speculation, inviting you to come and to conquer.



But we should not underestimate the value of books. There are too few good books in the homes; enough text books, perhaps, plenty of ornamental books, so much furniture, but how few really good books. It seems to me every home should contain a library and every wide awake person should be a reader of books. Above all let the teacher be a reader. Let him set aside a portion of his wages each year for books, even though he be obliged to deny himself in other ways. His books will be all the more dear to him.

I would inspire the teachers and students with a passion for knowledge, insatiable, unquenchable, that will give them no rest, but will lead them to branch out and seek enlightenment in any or all avenues of human thought and culture, untrammelled by any fears or conventionalities. Some already possess this spirit, others yet seem to lack of it. Let us take note of our ignorance. Let us see wherein we lack, and be ready and willing, if need be to forsake, in a manner, the books, the highways of thought, to turn without a pang of regret from the reclining chairs and palace sleepers of the rich and

the luxurious, from the sign-boards, the literary reviews, the encyclopedias, where the idle and the careless can find knowledge all indexed and tied up in packages and labeled, like drugs and seeds, and go into the fields and forests, among the hills and mines, along the paths and byways, the meadow stile and lakeshore, to push our way among the tangled vines and hedges, to seek knowledge in our own way, to commune with the very soul of things, hear the tree speak, listen to the sermon of the stone, read the river's story and find good in everything. Having launched out on this voyage of discovery, each a new Columbus or La Salle, the time will come when, rich in that which truly enriches, in noble and liberal thought, full of the spirit of culture and intelligence, we will look back upon the time when the text-book and the weekly print contained the sum of our mental fee, and the acquisition of a little material wealth, the possession of a few dollars or acres of land was our sole object and see how bare and poor our lives were then. Shall the student and the scholar have only sordid and selfish ends in view? Shall he degenerate into a mere clerk

or hog-drover, bow at the shrine of mammon and rake in the chaff for chips and scraps? Shall you not be men and women of soul, of broad views, of liberal minds? Shall you not be thinkers, discoverers, enriching the world with your spoils?

The expectation that the teacher shall put forth every endeavor to qualify himself as a successful instructor and shall evermore strive to build up a pre-eminently moral character—these are in the nature of a task and a discipline; but the expectation that he shall devote himself to the acquisition of knowledge is in the nature of a reward. He shall feed his soul. He shall quench his thirst with the nectar of the gods. He shall breath perfume. For him the world shall dance, the stars shall sing. He shall hear the call to come up higher; and like a traveler surmounting a hill, at each step his horizon shall widen, his universe shall expand, until immortality alone can swallow up infinity. He shall have light. He shall be enabled to distinguish truth from babbling and all men shall yield him homage. This is his worthier recompense. The meager wages he shall from time to time be allowed shall, like his

earlier lessons, simply serve as a means to an end.

The true man, the true scholar, seeks only that which contains intrinsic worth and imperishable value. Are there Goliaths in Gath, Titans, swathed in base clouds? We care not. The millions of Gould and Vanderbilt who envies? None but the fool. But the mere name of one of the world's thinkers, some giant of the intellect, and how the pulse leaps, how the heart throbs. We are filled with the spirit, on fire with zeal, stirred to emulation, provoked to a renewed effort. The wealth of Cresus, the glory of Apollo, may not be ours; but mind is ours, reason is our guide. The accomplishments of other men and women inspire us, and the universe beckons to us to come. Into this rich field of thought, to this feast of the intellect we may enter. We may think we lack money, opportunity, ability, but we will find that we are only wanting in perseverance. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you. Seek and ye shall find."

## Our Vandals.



**T**HERE is a class of people in our country, who have no regard whatever for the beautiful, either in art or nature. They are strangers to every noble sentiment, they see no beauty in nature, no loveliness in summer skies, no charms in the mellow tints of Autumn scenes, or in the rich, blue depths of distant hills and forests, no elegance or symmetry in art or architecture. For them the birds sing in vain, the sweet flowers bloom unheeded. Not in all the round of their miserable, selfish existence can bird or flower, tree or hill or dale, cloud or sun, or aught else of all the thousand things the Heavenly Father has designed and formed to adorn, enrich and glorify the Home of Man, arouse in their sordid bosoms one tender sentiment or noble thought. Like the lower animals, their sole object seems to be to prolong their own worthless lives as

long as possible and procreate their species to be a bane and curse to the next generation.

No doubt in many cases "chill penury their nobler thoughts suppress," but generally a selfish greed for gain is the cause. Men will ruthlessly destroy a noble oak or elm simply because its shade is injurious to a few hills of maize. In one evil hour they will obliterate the work of a century. Every sentiment is swallowed up in greed. That remorseless hand would pause at nothing. What can be finer than a grand old broad-branching oak or bending elm left in the field or hedge-row, or in the lane. How grateful is its shade in the summer; how gracefully do its branches wave in the gentle breezes; how they toss in the storm and bravely breast the surging blasts of winter; how faithfully they lift their proud crests at all seasons like true friends, never leaving us, ever with us, part of our very lives. Towering aloft they break the upper air-currents and are often instrumental in causing the precipitation of refreshing showers. Why if the whole country was a treeless plain it would be a naked desert. The forests are a necessity.

That a few rods of ground may be recovered a disposition is manifested throughout all our western country to make the highway conform to the surveyed line. This is often expensive and annoying. The public road should not be made to zig-zag across the country around a hundred fence corners, but should wind along the ridges, around the big hills and through the shady valleys in conformity with the surface of the country. Fields should be made to conform to the road, not the road to the fields. And a highway that has been traveled over for years and by thousands of travelers should not be changed to suit the whim of some gnat-brained individual. Every one should endeavor to make the public highway a continuous and ever shifting panorama of beautiful scenes. At every turn a pleasant view should break upon the sight. Clumps of trees, trimmed hedgerows, good fences, meadows and fields in succession, orchards and gardens, neat houses and barns, bits of glade and by-corners left to the wild-wood, the home of the rabbit and the quail, and visions of distant hills melting away into the blue horizon, these make a country beautiful and its

citizens prosperous and happy. Such scenes please the traveler and serve to soften and efface the sorrow of lives that would otherwise be dark indeed.

Lord, how our beautiful country has suffered at the hand of the vandals! They love to destroy. They gloat over the despoiling of that which is beautiful and pleasant. A great step is now being taken by our public school instructors, the teaching of art in our public schools. Few teachers are qualified to teach art, but all can inculcate upon the minds of the children a love of the beautiful. Their attention should be directed to pretty pictures of English scenery, and natural views and they should be taught to make their own country beautiful, and how to make it so.



## The Ground Bird



**T**H E is a modest little brown fellow, with a tiny white collar around his fluffy throat, who makes his nest low on the ground in the narrow shade of a young corn blade or under a tuft of dry grass, and can be seen any day hopping about over the furrows and chirping in a friendly, familiar way when he sees the plowman come out in the morning with his team to begin his days work. But suddenly he springs at one leap away, a hundred feet high, singing a pretty, delicate, tinkling sort of song as he goes. Pausing a moment, he takes another leap upward accompanied by another trill of music. Then he swings higher and higher, on and upward until he is but a tiny speck in the sky. Away and away he flies, and his song comes tinkling down in a shower of sweet sound. Still higher he

swings until the dazed eye wearies and at last he vanishes from sight and is lost in the blue of heaven, his tiny form beyond the reach of human vision. But we know that he is still there and that he is still climbing, still aspiring, for with every upward swing in the thin air at that far height his little breast thrills and throbs with the burden of his joy, and he pours forth his ecstatic song to the Author of his being, a free offering on an alter as wide as the illimitable universe and as pure as the little bird-soul within that tiny breast; and the trills and notes, now faint and far away, still come floating back and tinkle and quiver on the ear though the singer is beyond the range of sight.

But at length the song ceases. He has made his last upward effort and with one swift downward sweep, checking himself just before he alights, he drops down upon the same hummock from whence he began his dizzy flight.

## Nelson.



**F**EW have not read of Nelson and his famous signal "England expects every man to do his duty." This was signaled from the flagship, the Victory, on going into battle off Cape Trafalgar, on the coast of Spain. The enemy consisted of the allied fleets of France and Spain, forty ships, commanded by Villeneuve, a skillful and enterprising seaman. Nelson had thirty-one ships. Collingwood led the van followed by Nelson. After a fierce and sanguinary battle in which the English lost 1587 men and the allies nearly 6000, the latter were completely defeated. their entire fleet being captured or destroyed. Villeneuve was taken and sent to England but was afterward allowed to return to France. On his way home he died. It was said that he committed suicide, but many believed he was assassinated, a victim of the intrigues of Bonaparte.

The great battle of Trafalgar, which left England Mistress of the Seas, terminated a long cruise, during which Nelson never set foot on shore for a period of time extending over two years. This illustrates the faithfulness with which he served his country and his unremitting watchfulness of her enemies. He took his station off Toulon and there he watched the French fleet twenty-one months, exposed to the full sweep of every gale. But at last the French eluded him and put to sea. Twice he sailed to Egypt seeking them in vain. He flew to Gibraltar but the foe were then far on their way to America. He swept across the Atlantic to the mouth of the Orinoco, then to the West Indies, and back to Spain. Baffled in all these maneuvers he concluded the allies had gone to Ireland and he sailed there. Still seeing no trace of them he went to Portsmouth. Sailing from Portsmouth he located the enemy at Cadiz and on the 21st day of October, 1805 he fought them off Trafalgar,

Long before Trafalgar the name of Nelson was famed throughout the world as the greatest naval fighter in the annals of war. In the battle of Cape St. Vincent he boarded and captured two of the four

Spanish ships taken there, In 1798 he attacked a French fleet on the coast of Egypt and destroyed it utterly. The French fleet under Admiral Brueys had accompanied Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt, and while Bonaparte advanced upon the Mamelukes at the base of the Pyramids, Nelson swept into Aboukir bay and assailed his fleet. The battle begun about an hour before sundown and continued far into the night. Two thousand cannon flashed and thundered. Close alongside, the muzzles of the guns almost touching, the contending nations fought, pouring broadsides into each other. The Bellerophon attacked the French flag ship, Le Orient, 120 guns. This colossal war ship soon reduced the Bellerophon to a floating wreck. The Majestic also suffered from the fire of Le Orient, having got entangled with another ship near by. But the Swiftsure, Alexander and Leander closed in on the Admiral. Le Orient fought them off till after nine o'clock. At that time Brueys had been killed and many of his ships captured or destroyed. Le Orient caught fire and blazed up brilliantly. The cry of fire rang through the fleets and the magnificent flames lit up the scene with a lurid

glare. Nelson, who had been struck down by a shot, blinded and carried below, came crawling on deck when he heard the cry and felt his way helplessly around. Even when the whole upper part of *Le Orient* was in flames the brave French continued to work their guns on the lower deck. At ten the *Le Orient* blew up. At the shock silence followed, a dead silence, that seemed awful after the roar of the conflict.

Nelson also saw arduous service in the Baltic and won fresh laurels in a long and bloody battle with the Danes in front of Copenhagen. They fought him from their forts and batteries and from a long line of ships bristling with cannon. Sir Hyde Parker commanded the British fleet but he remained in the offing and took no part in the battle. Nelson broke through the enemy's line, sunk, burned or captured two thirds of their ships and would have secured all if many of his own vessels had not grounded in the shallow water. Having conquered the Danes and made a truce with the Swedes he hastened on and dictated terms to Russia amid the ice hummocks of the Gulf of Finland.

Nelson was sent to sea when he was twelve years old. For years he toiled, suffered and endured, At one time he accompanied an expedition into the Arctic regions. He served eighteen months in India, and for a considerable period in Canada. He saw his first active service against American privateers in the West Indies, during the American Revolution. But we must remember that he was a British soldier and was always faithful to his king and country. War breaking out between England and Spain Nelson participated in a descent on the Spanish possessions in Central America, where toil and the unhealthy climate reduced him almost to a skeleton. He returned home worn out, sick and disheartened, resolved to leave a service where he received nothing but unceasing toil and no thanks. But he was persuaded to change his resolution, given a ship and sent to the Mediterranean. The French Revolution and the ambitions of the French leaders gave him plenty of work from that time on.

But Trafalgar was his last battle. In the decisive hour, when victory hovered over him, he fell mortally wounded by a rifle ball. As his life ebbed away he

continued to display that intrepidity of spirit for which he had ever been noted. His face lighted up when he heard his men cheering over his success. By nature he was gentle and loving. "Kiss me, Hardy," he whispered to the captain. With tears streaming down his cheeks Hardy bent and kissed him. His last command was to cast anchor in token of complete victory. "I have done my duty," said he, and died.

Nelson was brave, energetic and ambitious. He fought for England and glory. He was not cautious but bold and boastful. He hated the French and despised all who aided them or opposed England. He never hesitated to disobey an order if he thought it injudicious. He was always kind to his men and they loved him. For his country and glory he trod the hard path of duty to the crest of imperishable fame. Where others were sluggish, timid, and unsuccessful, he swept on to victory and renown. Scott eulogizes him in the following strong and beautiful language:

"Lo here his grave,  
Who, victor, died on Gadite wave.  
To him, as to the burning leven,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given.  
Where'er his country's foes were found,  
There rolled the fated thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Rolled, blazed, destroyed—and was no more.



## The Irish Famine.



**F**OR many years prior to 1846 the potato formed the staple article of food among the Irish people. They came to look upon it as a necessity. Every cotter had his potato patch and the big farmers, finding its cultivation profitable, not only through the sale of the potatoes but as a means of reclaiming waste land, planted hundreds and thousands of acres, until in some parts of Ireland the whole country was one immense potato field. The cool, moist, rich soil seemed to be especially adapted to the growth of the plants. Grown in ridges with a drainage furrow between each row, the vines flourished luxuriantly and the yield of potatoes was invariably large and of good size and quality.

In the early part of the summer of 1846 there was a promise of an abundant yield of potatoes throughout Ireland. About the first of August a

sickening stench began to arise from the potato fields all through the low lands and shortly after the vines withered and the young tubers became rotten. The disease spread to the uplands until it extended to all parts of Ireland and the last hope of the unfortunate people vanished.

The result of this strange potato blight was horrible beyond the expectation of anyone. Within two years about 200,000 people starved to death. That upon which they had depended for sustenance having perished they lost all hope, and helpless, ambitionless, knowing not what to do, a prey to every fear and every disease, in despair and terror as they looked at the dark prospect before them, they gave up and died. They wandered about the fields and along the highways and into the towns and when they could go no further lay down and expired. They were found dead in the roads, in the ditches and in the streets of the villages. People in the towns often on opening their doors in the morning found dead bodies lying stiff and stark on the doorsteps. So many died that coffins could not be procured and a kind of coffin was devised with a

movable bottom which let the corpse fall into the grave and could then be used again. Whole families died in their cabins. Think of it! The little children crying for the food their parents knew not how to procure and dying one by one. Then the famished mother, moaning in her anguish, pressed her lifeless babes to her breast and found rest in oblivion. Last, because strongest, the helpless father, wild-eyed and demented, wandering among the blasted fields, ere long sank down, never to rise again. The light of day grew gray and dim, the long frame shivered and stiffened, the darkness of death closed round, and all was still.

At that time Ireland teemed with an ignorant, somewhat vicious, pauper population. They were crowded together in the shanties and cots like sheep. Filthy, half naked, scarcely half civilized, ground down by the English landlords and their agents, they fell an easy prey to famine and disease.

There was no lack of charity or schemes of relief. The government established relief works and employed thousands of laborers, first on the public roads and later, on a great drainage scheme, digging

dlitches. The tariff was taken off of corn and soup-kitchens were established and stir-a-bout or meal-porridge—turn-coat porridge the Irish called it—was furnished to the famishing people at a cost of two pence a meal. Much suffering could have been prevented if there had been a more intelligent and honest use made of the means offered for relief. Some of the landlords offered to give any amount of money needed, and large sums were donated in England and the United States but it did no good. Here was the rich baron in London offering any quantity of money for relief and still in Ireland people were dying of starvation; and often when the money was at hand it accomplished nothing. One clergyman, a holder of charitable funds, each morning threw handfulls of silver among the paupers and at the same time the people were dying by the scores daily all about him. As one writer says, they could not eat the shillings and six pences. There was no food to be had there and they were too weak and emaciated to crawl to where they could procure it.

A wholesale system of emigration was devised

and thousands of paupers were sent to the United States. They were perhaps the most miserable horde of ragamuffins ever unloaded upon the shores of any country. But there was plenty of elbow-room here then and many of the emigrants, perhaps the majority, not only prospered but made good citizens. Many a boy who then crossed the Atlantic in a pauper ship, years after faced the fire at Marye's Heights or died beneath the flag of his adopted land on Southern battle fields.

Appalling as the immediate consequences of the potato famine were, the final results, according to one writer, were beneficial to Ireland. He says "It produced a social revolution in Ireland. It hurried on the introduction of free-trade. It brought about the drainage of many rivers in Ireland. It created the land improvement act. It brought into existence the Encumbered-Estates Court. It drove some millions of people across the Atlantic and sent many thousands to an untimely grave. It broke up the small farms of Ireland and removed the plethora of the labor market. It also removed the needy country gentlemen, forcing them to sell their estates to

the capitalists. It unloaded millions of capital, since then laid out in the improved cultivation of the land. It brought over many Scotchmen and Englishmen who have since farmed on a more extended and scientific system than had before been practiced in Ireland."

His theory of the main cause of all the trouble in Ireland was the system of small farming and subdividing then practiced. He favored a system of large estates and tenant-farming. But sometimes the facts fail to substantiate men's theories. What countries have famines? China, India, Russia, Ireland—countries where the land system is one of large estates and landed tenantry; where the farmer belongs to the land instead of the land belonging to the farmer. Are not the countries where the farmer owns his home, however small and humble, the most prosperous?

## Death of Andrew Williams



**H**IS life began in the 18th century, and was one of interesting activity and unrecorded vicissitudes, as befits the life of a pioneer and Methodist itinerant. In 1861 he was on the Bath circuit, in central Illinois, and lived in a little village in Mason County. One beautiful autumn day he set out, accompanied by a friend and neighbor, on an excursion to the Sangamon bottom after hickory nuts and pecans. They started about two o'clock in the morning, in a lumber wagon. The night was clear and sharp, the cold stars glistened and sparkled in the dark heavens, and the stubble fields were white with frost. Wrapped in their quilts the two neighbors rode comfortably on at a brisk pace, their wagon rattling and booming over the level prairie. Each sat perfectly still, but their tongues were busy

in friendly talk, for both were chatty, jovial hearted men. Two-thirds of the country then was prairie. Houses were scattered about, where the whims of men had led them to locate on the rich, level plain. From these rude settlements rose the loud, strange outcries of the barnyard fowls, calling the last watch as the first gleams of the day whitened the eastern sky. Dawn found the two jolly excursionists about the old Field's homestead, after which the prairie was named—today one of the richest sections in the great Mississippi valley. Out of the east rose the sun, kingly usher of a glorious autumnal day, and his light tinted the narrow windows of a little roadside structure called the Hardin School house, for many years a point on the Bath circuit. There Williams had often preached and the Christians had worshipped and sung together. At this schoolhouse Williams and his friend, turning south, drove to a declivity called the Yellow Bluff, and down onto the wet, mucky bottom land, where the trail wormed through the rank grass, by clumps of wild crabs and plum thickets, until they reached a region where, along the banks and on the inter-



vening spaces between an intricate network of sloughs and drains grew miles and miles of great, towering trees—hickory, pecan, walnut, whiteoak, burroak, cottonwood, buttonwood, and elm, with thickets of willow, haw, dogwood, and growths of a yet more humble character. This was the Sangamon bottom.

At the sight of some huge nuts lying on the ground Daddy Williams, as he was familiarly called by his neighbors, could sit still no longer, but seizing a basket he climbed out of the wagon and began gathering them up. It was arranged between the two that his friend should drive on about half a mile to a certain designated place, and hitch the team, while Williams sauntered along afoot in search of nuts. How good the soft, leaf strown earth felt to the stiff feet of the old pioneer; how rich the damp odorous air as he inhaled it; how inspiring the massive boles, lifting their plumage high aloft, far away there in the blue sky. It was a delight to old Daddy Williams; something of the old boyhood spirit thrilled again through his numbed veins, and he wandered gleefully on, careless that the sound of the wagon had passed out in the distance. Little and

weak was he compared with the giant formations about him, yet, greater than they, his soul rose in communion with its Maker, and he felt it a joy to live.

But suddenly he fell—fell and lay there, face down, low on the cool, moist mold—fell and could not rise. Did a mist blight the fair light of day to his old eyes; a surge of blood through his brain overwhelm the pilot there; a thrusting pain wrench at the very citadel of life? In a moment down, his basket scattering forth again his scanty gatherings from Nature's bounty, his poor old hands fumbling helplessly among the leaves, his gray hair disheveled, his face, death-stricken, pressing the earth. Andrew Williams was down, to rise no more, and this bright day was to be his last on earth.

His senses returned but his strength did not. He heard the sound of a wagon approaching, thumping along over the great roots. It drew near. In the wagon sat a man and his son and two daughters. Daddy Williams turned his face toward them and begged for aid. "O people help me up," he cried, but they laughed and drove on. "Ah," they said to each

other "nobody but some old drunk man;" and like the priest and Levite before, they passed by on the other side.

Again the old man called for help and his friend heard his cry and hastened to him. Can we picture, much less describe, his surprise at finding his companion, whom he had left a short hour before, seemingly hale and well, now prone and stricken. He called to his assistance some young men who were camped near by, brought round his team, and they tenderly lifted the helpless form into the wagon, pillowing his head upon a sack of feed. "Where shall I drive with you, Daddy," asked his friend, "Shall I take you back home or shall we go up to Mother Gore's?" "Take me to Mother Gore's" was the feeble reply; "her house has always been the same as home to me."

To the house of the widow Gore they went and the old man was carried to a great downy bed in the hospitable home of that good Christian woman. His wife and children were told of how he had been stricken down and were taken to his bed side. All was done for his relief that could be done but

it was unavailing. In faint whispers he uttered his last words, gave to each friend a hand grasp and sank to his eternal rest.

His labors ended there, his earthly task was finished that blue November day, in the long ago. The grass of many summers, the snows of many winters have mantled his humble grave; he is in the Fathers' bosom. Such was the death of Andrew Williams.

# One Cause of the Civil War



**E**VERY true American loves our good Quaker Poet, Whittier, whose simple rhymes and beautiful hymns have endeared him to all lovers of literature and spiritual culture and we realize more and more that he is one of our immortals and that his memory is enshrined forever in the hearts of his countrymen. But when we study his works we find that while they interpret to us a heart full of charity and a character of sterling integrity, yet at the same time owing to the fact that he was unable to express himself except in a plain, blunt, forcible style, his influence upon his time was a great deal more than that of a mere poet. He was an agitator, and one of the principle causes and factors in the history of his day. That day included the great slavery struggle, terminating in a desperate war. Now men will not fight, except in a half-

hearted sort of way, unless they are animated by a feeling of bitter hatred for each other; and one reason why the Southern people put up such a desperate resistance against their own country, her laws and her honored flag, was their deep seated animosity toward the people of the north and east, the Yankees as they called them; and if we seek the cause of that hatred we shall find it in the naked sword thrusts and bitter denunciation of Whittier and a few other kindred spirits. Their outspoken sentiments fell upon the slaveholders with all the force of insults which could only be avenged in blood.

He let no consideration deter him from speaking and writing what he thought of slavery. Politics, peace, commerce and trade, the prosperity or the union of the church or the nation, none of these things gave him pause. Quaker, lover of peace, simple countryman that he was, idling about his little New England farm, he was yet continually flinging out to the wide world words and sentiments that flew like barbs to their lodgement in men's hearts and rankled there to breed the fever and hatred of internecine war. Did he realize it? Did

that placid face mask a soul that bore like Christ the awful burden of the sins of men? Yes, and he deliberately shouldered the burden; he knew what he was doing; he comprehended its full meaning; and his resolution was:

“So let it be. In Gods own might  
We gird us for the coming fight.”

Our hearts bleed for the martyred Lincoln and we carry with us the image of his bowed form and careworn, homely face, but do we realize that there was another, a weary looking old man in the far New England hills, our good gray poet Whittier, who also felt the weight of responsibility? However plainly we see great wrongs in the world and realize that they ought to be uprooted few of us care to take upon us the burden of the task. Think then of what he bore, of what he felt, when the nation was in the throes of that great and costly conflict and the measure of sacrifice and suffering, of wrath and revenge was heaping higher and higher and he could realize that he, with his caustic pen and burning words had been a potent factor in kindling the awful holocaust of battle. But unflinching, unwavering,

firm as the granite of his native hills, he lived and wrought, ever ready to exhort himself and his countrymen to fight it out to the bitter end.

“Prayer-strengthened for the trial,  
    come together;  
Put on the harness for the mortal fight,  
And with the blessings of our Heavenly Father,  
Maintain the right.”



## Fort Donelson



**A**PPROACHING Ft. Donelson from any quarter one encounters a hilly region covered with a wilderness of oak, hazel and briars. About ten o'clock in the forenoon one sunny May day, while riding down a long slope, on turning a corner I saw far ahead, above the low forest, the old starry flag streaming high in the air from a tall staff in the center of the National Cemetery at Dover. I crossed Hickman's creek, sprawling along over the rocks, and riding up another long hill passed the old outworks of the fort. To the right of the road the hill drops away abruptly, and I could look far down the steep slope to a stream flowing along at the bottom. Beyond this hill, which is the one on which the fort was built, I crossed a rocky valley traversed by Indian creek, rode on up the opposite hill, passed the cemetery, entered the town of Dover, and dined at the Robinson House.

The hills around Dover can only be appreciated by an Illinois man afoot. You see before you a long slope; to ascend it looks easy, but by the time you get to the top you begin to wish for lungs like a pair of bellows with which to breathe in more air. And then you find out that you are not at the top yet, and you start again. I went out south of the town to where an old road comes winding along through some old fields, past several forlorn, dilapidated huts. Beside this old roadway I found a cannon ball and picked it up, thinking I would carry it home as a souvenir of the battleground. I guessed it to weigh about twelve pounds, but by the time I had carried it a quarter of a mile I concluded it was a twenty-four pounder, and began to think about leaving it. But I stuck to it till it seemed to weigh at least forty pounds and then I hid it carefully under some rocks and left it there.

The cemetery is just north of town, on the site of the old Federal fort which Forrest once tried to capture. Nearly a thousand soldiers sleep there under the beautiful green sod. Over them the old flag waves unsullied, and around their place of repose

stand great cannon, silent as the hands that rest beneath. From the cemetery looking north across the intervening valley I could see the breastworks of the fort and I went over there and walked around on the top of the parapet, which in some places is fifteen feet high. I was told that no material change in the height or appearance of the earthworks had been noticed in twenty years, so they will doubtless last for many years to come. Bushes and saplings have grown up on the slopes, and cows were browsing near by. The breastworks consist of logs covered with earth, and are very irregular, so as to command all points of the compass. Some wretch with a soul as dead as a prehistoric campaign lie had raised a crop of corn in the fort, and the old bare, yellow stalks looked lonely and desolate. But it may be that he intended to show that he had no respect for anything wrought or attempted by the Southern Confederacy.

The engineer who planned Fort Donelson was killed by the first shell fired into the fort by the Carondelet, Feb. 13, 1862. The next day, when all the gunboats attacked the fort, their fire was very disas-

trous to the Confederates, and they were on the point of surrendering when the gunboats began to retire. Like Washington at Germantown, Foote retreated in the very moment of victory.

When Grant's army approached the fort there were no outworks thrown up around the town to the west and south. As the Federal advance pushed south, trying to get around the enemy, the latter also advanced, keeping about even with the Union front, throwing up breastworks and planting guns on every important point until the two lines confronted each other on a front that extended from the Fort on the north around to the river on the south. An attempt by the Confederates to cut their way out brought on the severe battle of the 15th. But the Confederate officers after they had succeeded in driving back Grant's right, changed their plans and concluded that while they had a good chance they would defeat the entire Federal army. But they failed and Grant's men soon regained the lost ground.

## McClellan's Last Battle



**I**N the autumn of 1861, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was a noted military hero, riding at the head of a great army and the hopes of a nation were centered in him. A year later his sun was in dim eclipse and he was required to leave his war-worn and battle-scarred army and retire to the rear.

How this change came about involves the story of a momentous year in the history of our country, and a most strenuous experience on the part of the Army of the Potomac. The last scene in the drama was played on the banks of the Antietam, where one of the most desperate battles known in history was fought, Sept. 17, 1862.

The armies began to assemble on the field the day before the great conflict. The Union forces pushed their way over South Mountain, driving the Confed-

erates before them, poured down the western slope in dense blue masses and were marshalled around the little village of Keedysville, 80,000 strong. So many units, each a living, thinking American citizen, man or boy, but now all drilled and battered by a year and a half of hard service into a great composite fighting machine, subject to the commands of its officers and the direful exigencies of battle.

In front and beyond the Antietam less than a mile away were the Confederates, under Lee, 50,000 ragged, foot-sore fighters, an army that had been hacked and hammered in twenty pitched battles, but had plenty of ginger yet.

Longstreet commanded the center near Sharpsburg. Part of his troops had retired from South Mountain and part came from Hagerstown, to the north. Stonewall Jackson, hurrying up from his successful attack on Harper's Ferry, arrived just in the niche of time, for he always made good. He formed his men on the left, in the vicinity of the Dunkard church. The Sharpsburg and Hagerstown road ran by this old country church, with timber on the west and corn fields to the east—fields owned by Mil-

ler, Mumma, Roulette, and Piper. Here the battle was fought.

The struggle began at day dawn—a morning of clouds and gloom. McClellan made the attack, but it was no concerted movement. He sent his divisions in, one and two at a time; and the battle consisted of successive mighty assaults and bloody repulses, which left both sides weaker, but nothing substantial gained.

Fighting Joe Hooker led the assault on the extreme right against Stonewall Jackson, and drove his men into the woods. Up came his reserves and after a desperate struggle drove Hooker's men back across the road, through the corn fields, and into a clump of timber called the East woods. Around this little clump of trees the battle raged with great fury.

But this was only the beginning. Farther down the line, at Mumma's and Roulette's, the bolts of battle began to fall. Old man Sumner led his corps in. Sedgwick charged through the East woods and Jackson's veterans caught him and flung him, torn and bleeding, far up the Hagerstown pike. D. H.

Hill's men were driven back by Richardson and French into an old road, gullied out by the rains. The Federals carried the position by a fierce rush in which they lost half their force and the Confederates suffered a terrible loss. The old road was so full of dead and wounded that it became known as Bloody Lane.

South of Sharpsburg Burnside rushed his men across a stone bridge in the face of a murderous fire and a most dismal and useless butchery ensued—useless because the creek was fordable at several places nearby. By the afternoon the Union forces were well up against the Confederate lines at all points and the latter were greatly exhausted. McClellan held back a reserve of 20,000 men under Fitz John Porter that never fired a shot. It was generally thought that if he had thrown this force upon the weakened Confederates the latter would have been utterly routed and driven from the field. But they were allowed to retire unmolested across the Potomac.

Lincoln asked McClellan why he did not put all his men in and was not very well pleased with his



explanation. Thousands had fallen and nothing very satisfactory gained on either side.

Just a page in our country's story, just an item in the bill of costs.

It was Little Macks last battle. But a man who could organize such a compact, potential fighting force as the army of the Potomac, lead it through two stupenduous campaigns, involving a dozen great battles, and carry with him the love and respect of his soldiers, as McClellan did, must have been a great man after all.

# The Americans in the Settlement of the Central West.



THE settlement of the Northwest Territory, and the wide domain beyond was by three separate streams of emigration that emerged from the forest shadowed valleys of the east, first about the close of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries, in little trickling rills and later, from about 1820 to 1850, in a steady, resistless tide. After entering the great undulating, central plain the emigrants scattered to some extent, filtering off to the right or left of the great highways to various distances, driven to do so by the fact that they could not all live along the same road in a row, though they seemed to have possessed some such a desire in their rather bewildered minds. But these three great streams of humanity followed each a separate and distinct route, as though they were guided by

some subtle influence they could not resist, almost like leaves and twigs floating on the current of a river or motes and atoms borne along and drifted by the winds. For that they did drift cannot be doubted by anyone who has ever noted the diverse character of the inhabitants of the Central States, especially Illinois, where, even in our day the metamorphosis into a homogenous people is scarcely more than begun. For there was and still is a wide difference in the characteristics of these three classes of people. They were not foreigners but Americans, all speaking the same language with but slightly differing accents. They were the descendants of the sturdy people who belonged to that earlier migration that took its flight by wind and wave across the high seas from England and Holland to the shores of the New World. Their forefathers had followed the guidons of Washington and Wayne on days whose glorious deeds yet formed the subject of story and song. They bore with them the reminiscence of grandmothers who spun and wove the cloth that clothed the Revolutionary patriots and sometimes moulded the bullets that made the old flint-lock guns of the pioneers dreaded by

Indians and Tories alike. They were of the bluest American blood. Yet there was a difference between them so distinct and peculiar that it cannot fail to be appreciated by the most casual observer or be of deep interest to the ethnologist, who may here see with his own eyes the molding of a new nation.

Throughout the entire course of Western emigration since the first settlement of America the movement carried with it few, either of the aristocracy or higher class, the families of wealth and distinction, or of the extremely low class, the paupers and beggars. The former were seldom impelled by discontent or compelled by necessity to undertake the arduous and demoralizing change and the latter were prevented by a lack of both means and energy. But the wanderers on their way across the continent, whose westward march to peaceful triumph, their faces lit up by the light of sunset skies, is pictured with so much pathos on the sculptured walls of the Illinois capitol, belonged almost without exception to what is termed the middle class. They were mostly plain, earnest, honest people, whose democratic proclivities were engraven deep in their very souls. It is true

that there were differences in temperament, an infinite variety of individual character and disposition. Among them there went along young men from the noblest families of colonial times, pressing to the west, sometimes with money, oftener with none, and slow, easy-going, shiftless fellows whose highest happiness was attained when they were free from all entanglements, and on the road to some other part of the country, their few chattels in a wagon and their children and dogs following behind. Some rose to the highest standard of excellence, others sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, but the difference was the result of individual merit or demeanor and not the gift or imposition of favor or fortune. There is that in every man that controls his life and makes him what he is by nature predestined to be, irrespective of the fortuitous play of circumstances, for no man was ever yet wholly the creature of chances. He may inherit wealth or find a gold mine yet if he is born a vagabond he will die one. So on the other hand some will forge ahead and overcome and in the everlasting shuffle of the sieve of fate emerge on top. They may be poor but their own intrinsic worth and

pre-eminence shines forth through the envelope of poverty and pain and lights and guides their fellow-men. Hence every country will in the course of time and that soon, produce an aristocracy, a true aristocracy, growing out of true merit, but inevitably becoming debased if its power and continuance is guarded by artificial regulations. It must regulate itself according to the immutable laws of heredity and individual excellence. The scion of royalty may become debauched, while the son of a peasant, by his personal effort and his own essential merit, may attain to honorable distinction. And in the peopling of the Mississippi valley, when the highest and the lowest elements of society in the older communities were left behind and the great stout-hearted middle class swept into the arena, untrammelled and free to work out their own destiny in a new empire, every incentive was present, every opportunity was open and complete liberty was enjoyed for the free play of individual character and genius. And out from the seething, toiling, on-struggling, heterogenous confusion came forth the grand characters in Western history whose names are em-

blazoned on the bright escutcheon of imperishable fame.

One thing is indubitably certain, that the settlers of the Northwest Territory were almost invariably poor. They were people, who with but few exceptions brought no capital with them. Had they possessed wealth, even a profitable business, many of them would doubtless have remained east. They were almost forced out, the two centuries since the first settlements in Massachusetts and Virginia having sufficed to accumulate along the Atlantic border as great a population as that region could sustain without a larger agricultural field from which to draw supplies. The city depends upon the country for its bread and the manufacturing center looks to the fields and forests for its raw material. Liverpool, New York and Chicago have grown to be such mighty concentrations of human units and energies because the very people of whom I write went forth in their poverty and honest pride and conquered so vast and fair a realm. But if they were poor in purse they were rich in other resources and they seized a territory whose broad un-numbered acres were fat

with richness. A poor soil produces a stunted, dwarfish vegetation and more than that it inevitably produces or is possessed by a poor, inferior type of humanity. The character of a people is cast in the mold of the country they inhabit. No wonder then that the great West has given to the world so many grand types of noble manhood and womanhood when we consider the character of that region, its natural wealth and advantages, its genial sun and vivifying air, its unparalleled adaptation to the needs of civilized life, and the peculiar and fortunate combination of all that tends at the same time to promote the happiness of man and the stimulation of genius.

The people who came from Pennsylvania to Ohio and from thence onward, following usually the same great routes, due west, into Indiana and central Illinois, were about the best type, all things considered, were freer from unnecessary crotchets and narrow, two-penny notions, and better fitted for the task before them, than either of the two other classes. The first requisite in the new country was the farmer, and the Pennsylvanians and Ohioans were the best farmers the world ever saw and they entered the



finest field on the globe for the exercise of their peculiar talent and the development of their masterly energy. They were of invincible integrity. They had no idea of trickery and were too honest and industrious to shirk. What their hands found to do that they did as though it had to be done. Mentally they were not very deep, but they were teachable, they were capable of vast improvement. Their intellectual progress, at least in a gross, material direction, in the way of better systems of agriculture, increased facilities of commerce and exchange, improved roads, labor saving machinery, domestic conveniences, and simple, common-sense laws, was only measured by their lack of perception or opportunity. Let them but perceive the advantage to be derived from the change and if the obstacles in the way were not utterly insurmountable they would simply leap at one bound to the consummation. They were not creepers and clingers but they went up hand over hand with a faith that was simply reckless. They were not much at invention, they lacked the necessary shrewdness and cool, time consuming calculation, but when the thing was once

ready for operation if it was anything in their line they could put it through all its gaits. They were great machinists, great operators. They used machinery not to save labor at all but because it enabled one man to accomplish so much. Their primal object was to produce the greatest number of bushels of grain. They wanted a market for their corn and wheat and they liked to receive fair prices for their produce, but yet these considerations actually seemed secondary with them. They had such a mania for raising corn that they would grow it market or no market. Sometimes they pulled down their temporary cribs and precipitated a golden avalanche to molder and rot in the rains. With them it was not a question as with some, how to live with the least labor, but how to do the most work and survive the strain, and it was not uncommon for men, ignorant or careless of their powers of endurance, to work themselves to death. What poor, hard, sordid lives they lived, what burdens they bore. A man with a farm of two or three hundred acres was like a camel with its load strapped to its hump. He got no recreation, enjoyed no vacation; even his sundays were oppressed

with care. It was a ceaseless grind, year after year. All through the long summer days he toiled, plowing, planting, cultivating, sowing and reaping, ricking up his hay, threshing his wheat and rye and attending to the thousand details incidental to a Western farm. In the sharp winter mornings he drove his wagon into the frost-whitened cornfield and stripping off his coat, bare handed, soon worked himself into a glow as he gathered the big ears and flung them into the box. His corn finally gathered the next thing in order was to have it shelled, and haul it to market. Having received the cash proceeds he usually paid it out at once on his debts and hurried home to take up the old burden again.

As a class they were a people of unbounded faith, glorious hopefulness, exhaustless energy and practical intelligence. They were neither penurious nor exceptionally selfish, they entertained a profound contempt for copper pennies, they usually spent freely, lived well, were often quite intemperate in the matter of gross, oily pork, and rye whiskey. Their honor was sufficiently high for all practical purposes and they usually paid their debts if it took their last

dollar. Their combativeness was not marked but their anger not infrequently turned to a sullen, livid hate, that rankled in their hearts until death brought surcease of care.

Some of the different elements of this stream of emigration might be noted. There were the Pennsylvania Dutch, a very thrifty class of people, rather slow, somewhat conservative, economical, superstitious, but stolidly practical, seldom risking uncertain chances, and as sure to succeed as the sun to shine. Their farms were the finest, their horses and cattle the best, their houses and barns the largest, and their tables groaned beneath loads of coarse, gross food. Then there was the Quaker element, hard-headed, methodical people, whose hearts were quite often as hard as their heads. They were simple in their habits, loving thick, old fashioned clothing, careful, yet not always just in their actions, often kinder to their dumb animals or to strangers than to their own families. It not infrequently happened that men of this class exposed themselves to every sort of inclement weather and rode high-handed and glorying in their actions, over the laws of their contry to

assist a black slave to escape from bondage while their own sons were wandering, driven out by harsh words and stripes that made the blood trickle down their backs. They were as unrelenting as the fiat of destiny, and as uncompromising as fate. Stolidly set in their moral convictions they were as unchangeable as the flinty rocks they trod upon. Yet as farmers they were like their neighbors, practical, energetic, ambitious, ready to use any agent or improvement calculated to enable them to realize their aims. All in all they were perhaps the most invaluable ingredient that was cast into the plastic conglomerate of western society, and their sons and daughters, revolting against the harshness that had often embittered their childhood, their characters softened by contact with people less inflexible and their minds broadened in conformity to the wide horizon around them, developed into the noblest type of Americans between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Then there was a restless, reckless type, who perhaps did more hard work and for less pay, than any slaves that ever toiled under the lash of their taskmasters. They were evermore loading up with

all kinds of machinery, which they drove regardless of season or weather. They undertook more than they could do, and were forever rushed and strained, but the worse the muddle the more they enjoyed it. Though their intentions were honest and their ambition without limit, they usually plunged in too deeply, their expenses exceeded their profits and about the time a premature old age, hurried on by toil, exposure, and harrowing care closed down upon them they found themselves bankrupt. Closely allied to them was that other class who developed such a mania for owning land and were forever "land poor." As soon as they had succeeded in paying for one piece of ground they plunged into debt again for more. They too were usually honest, they had unlimited credit, but they flung away every true pleasure, every relaxation, every sentiment, and condemned themselves as well as those dependant upon them to lives of menial toil that inevitably grew more irksome and oppressive as they staggered onward toward ultimate defeat in the oblivion of the grave.

We have referred mainly to the farming-class for they were the most important element in the con-

quest and settlement of the Mississippi valley. Merchants, manufacturers and tradespeople, if from the same class as the agriculturists have the same traits of character as the latter. The Ohioan or Pennsylvanian, if he entered merchandising or acquired a trade or profession, was still the same rude mannered, generous spirit as his brothers who followed the plow. He seldom contracted vices and never pinched the coins that passed through his hand. Though the acquisition of wealth or office sometimes turned his head he rarely became a rascal or bigot. His mental qualifications were ill endowed to make him a philosopher yet in these people there was plenty of material for the ordinary democratic style of statesmanship that looks more for the practical results than for the logical conclusion. And in these Ohio and Pennsylvania people speaking of them as a class there was material for the composition of fanaticism. Their mental shallowness, their native stubbornness, their feverish energy, their lack of metaphysical philosophy, left them but poorly armed against the consuming fire of the zealot, and just as in material things, in agricultural, commercial and political ventures,

they plunged on recklessly, doing a prodigious amount of work with a marvelously small amount of real thinking, so in the way of social and religious, and even in domestic matters they were often prone to blunder into the most ridiculous conclusions and the absurdest mistakes.

Following along the southern shore of Lake Erie into northern Indiana and Illinois came the Yankees and New Yorkers. They could not quite discard the odd, narrow conceits that had crept into their heads, even in the newer, wider field. They would gather their corn in baskets and carefully carry it to the crib lest their horses might trample down a few ears. They could not bear the idea of waste even when there was a superabundance. They were as particular about the sale of a pound of butter as a typical Ohioan about a thousand bushels of corn. They believed that if one looked out for the dimes the dollars would take care of themselves. They gave and expected the exact change in all deals. Their minds teemed with ingenious devices, they loved to spin yarns, and frequently used droll ejaculations. While in respect to trading they were very close and exact, on the



other hand they were often extravagant in the way of living and dressing. They liked something fine. Often the women were more energetic than the men and the latter degenerated into mere servants and drudges. In social affairs each vied with the others regardless of cost or condition in life. Especially in the little towns and village communities the rivalry was amusing and absurd. In these respects the men were only a little less weak than the women. Poor people, who could ill afford any outlay beyond the bare necessities of life would spend all their money and often run in debt trying to emulate the more wealthy in dress, only to be snubbed and laughed at for their pains. The church was usually the center of social flourish. The ringing of the church bell on Sunday was the signal for a universal flutter and rustle of ribbons and silks, and the dying strains of the doxology marked the time when the gossip and flourish began afresh.

They were not a gluttonous people but much inclined the other way, meager, sallow, cadaverous, selfish, shrewd, stinting themselves, saving, denying, living on rations all the week that the Sunday ex-

hibition might be the grander. And they were ambitious, if by any means they could compass it, to stow away a little bank deposit for a rainy day, provided they did not thereby interfere too much with a present display of their innate pride. As farmers they hardly came up to the Pennsylvanians and Ohioans, but as merchants and mechanics they were eminently successful and they took great interest in stock raising and dairying. Numerous large manufacturing towns sprang up along the line of their conquest, representing vast accumulations of wealth; for in some way "by hook or crook" as the jingle goes, the Yankee raked in the money. Whether it came in barrels like Saganaw salt or in blurred nickles and battered dimes it was equally welcome; for whatever he was else he was a keen, close, tight-fisted trader, and that may be set down as a certainty.

Intellectually they ranged high, for moral attainment is not necessarily a corollary of mental power. The New England and New York people, although inclined to egotism and insincerity, were an educated, intelligent, close-thinking race. They were sharp, shrewd, quick-witted people, and even their

faults, their coveteousness and innate pride, were in a sense commendable. The result was thrift, cleanliness, progress, a high standard of noble manhood and womanhood, and the formation of clean, lofty, clear-cut character. If the standard of moral and mental excellence be lifted above a people, in their upward struggle to attain to it, growth will be the inevitable result; but if it be drawn low, is easily overtaken, requiring no effort, there will follow degeneration, relaxation, atrophy.

The other class was the Tennesseans, who settled in southern Illinois and Missouri, and whose ancestors colonized the southeastern Atlantic coast. They were a hardy, unlettered race of people. They were generally very poor and usually remained so. Occasionally one developed an ambition to obtain wealth and easily acquired an undue share of property or money by taking advantage of his simple countrymen, but even the few wealthy lived hard and poor. The average of the Tennesseans were a queer people in many respects. They cared little for education, they were ignorant and careless of books. The object of the school house was but a dim con-

jecture to them and often they were quite inclined to regard it as a nuisance. They were careless, shiftless, improvident, and lived in rude cabins, usually without windows and with wide, hideous fireplaces like black, yawning caverns. They left the doors open all day in the coldest weather but at night they shut up the den and sweltered therein in thick darkness. They lived upon such coarse, unwholesome, scanty fare and exposed themselves so much that they were often consumptive and scrofulous. Their numerous children were ragged, dirty, unkept, rude-mannered, often afflicted with chronic colds and ophthalmia. The women were the worst of cooks, wasteful, careless housekeepers, quite ignorant of all culture, strangers to every refinement. They decorated their cabin homes with hideous old newspapers, rude artificial flowers, feathers and other such frumpery. They enjoyed trailing about from house to house, gossiping, repeating all manner of scandalous tales and discussing the petty news of the neighborhood. At home or away they were the same light-hearted, trifling characters, thoughtless of the future, careless of their appearance, joyous as the

birds, making the forests ring with their sweet songs. Men and women alike loved the forests and clung to their rude homes and simple habits as long as life lasted. They liked whisky better than water; they often went hungry and ill-clad; they lived chiefly on cornbread and gulped down great quantities of black, strong coffee. They knew how to swing the ax and fall the forest monarchs. Their fields were full of stumps and their crops seldom amounted to much. They saw little money, were evermore in debt, and never saved anything for the future, living from hand to mouth in the most delightfully reckless way. They were a reminiscent people, more inclined to look back fondly to the good old days in Tennessee and Carolina, when as they half-fancied, coffee grew in sacks on the white oaks, and mountain dew flowed in a sparkling stream by the doorway, than looked ambitiously forward to a progressive future. In youth they were often wild and immoral, but as they advanced in life they almost invariably became interested in religion, getting their ideas second-hand from their ranting preachers, whom they both admired and ridiculed, swallowing everything they

said and making them the unconscious victims of innumerable rude jokes at the same time. They were an emotional people and were often led by the inspiration of excitement to shout and gyrate about at a great rate. After they had exhausted themselves in these religious exercises they would look at each other in a foolish, shame-faced way and then quietly creep homeward, making no allusions to their recent actions. Theirs was a religion of emotion entirely. They paid little heed to the meaning of the minister's language but were greatly affected by the noise he made. It was the associations that clustered about the man and the scene of his efforts that influenced them. It was the same with their religious songs, which generally lacked both rhyme and reason but had a soothing effect, like the sad lullaby the mother croons to her babe. For do we not all love at times to drop aside our cares and nestle in the arms of some gentle fancy. Then God is just a great mother on whose breast we love to lean and cry.

The Tennesseans were troubled with few ambitions. They had few wants and were quite easily

satisfied. They often kept gangs of dogs and loved to hunt deer and foxes. They wore out long hours listening to the music of the chase. They were hospitable, sociable, often quarreling but readily making up again, seldom covetous, happy and contented as the day is long. They loved to lean upon someone, some man of property, to work for him and run to him on little errands for petty accommodations. They labored hard but accomplished little and the region settled by them though blest with many advantages made comparatively slow progress.

We have briefly sketched the peculiar and distinguishing traits of those three great streams of humanity that flowed into Illinois and the adjacent territory from the Atlantic slope, and hinted at the achievements of each; we have noticed their faults as well as their better qualities; and we naturally inquire what the outcome will be when they are welded and moulded into one homogenous people. We have not considered that large foreign element that has since been injected into the still plastic mass and is latterly developing such a power in social and political affairs and which renders the unifying process

more slow and difficult, Yet we cannot help but think that the union of all these varying peculiarities will go steadily forward, and when the faults have been outgrown, the useless and harmful elements swept away, the ignorance dissipated by the far-shining light of intelligence. the divine principles of true Christian morals rescued from superstition and insincerity, the crude, angular edges worn off and polished into a culture aglow with the love of literature and art, the poverty and selfishness of a barbarous competition exchanged for a noble system based on charity and lofty ideals; when the unselfish hospitality and generous simplicity of the Tennesseans and the culture, genius and intelligence of the New Englander are united to the faith and energy of the Pennsylvanian, and all unified and crystalized into one superior and freedom-loving people, who can doubt that the result will be a mighty stride in the great upward march of humanity from savagery to the glorious consummation that is to come.



# The Beginnings of American Politics



**I**T is an interesting fact that the two great political parties that from the beginning of our National history have held the allegiance of the citizens, struggled for supremacy and alternately guided the ship of state through stress and storm, for better or worse, originated in Washington's cabinet, and like all things else in this world of ours, were at first mere ideas or concepts, born of and brought forth in the fertile minds of two great thinkers, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, and were no more nor less than their diverse ideas of government or of what government ought to be. Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury and Jefferson was Secretary of State. The former, who was from New York, had served under Washington in the Revolution. He was, at the time of the founding of the government in 1789, still a young man, in the prime of life, vig-

orous, ambitious, a clear, bold thinker and with radical views on public affairs. With his knowledge of the evils of the times under the Articles of Confederation and his idea of a remedy through centralization and the building up of a strong national power, it was after all, not such a strange thing that he should become the first champion of those ideas, espoused first by the Federalists, to be crushed down to ignominious defeat and apparently obliterated, but to rise again, and, emblazoned on the banners of the Republican party, be borne at length in our own day and time to an apparently complete triumph, so that we might say that Hamilton's soul is still marching on.

In the narrow arena of Washington's political family Hamilton met an antagonist, in the person of Jefferson, who, in advocating the idea of State Rights, or government by compact against Hamilton's idea of a nation with a big N, was fully worthy of his steel. Personally, Jefferson was the worthier of the two, and he was moreover a man of pre-eminent prestige at the time and the representative of a powerful party,—men in whose minds the idea of state supre-

macy was so firmly intrenched that it seemed a part of and essential to their very lives. Thus he became the founder of the Anti-Federalist party, of which the Democratic party of our day claims to be sole heir and legatee.

The first Congress met in April, 1789 and the first measure, levying a duty on imports for revenue, met with almost unanimous favor. The bill was introduced by James Madison, who from the first was the leader and ablest member of the lower House. The bill provided for duties on liquors, molasses, tea, coffee, sugar, and a number of other articles, and the idea of protection had no place in the measure; but the Congressman from Pennsylvania, Hartley and Fitzsimmons, in discussing the bill, spoke in favor of encouraging home manufactures and Madison at once warmly seconded the proposition; for while he owned that as a general thing industry and trade ought to be left to take their own course, yet manufactures already established ought not be allowed to perish for want of protection under the new government.

Petitions came in from many quarters praying for the adoption of a protective policy. Finally steel

and wool cards were added to the list and the bill passed. Madison wanted a clause inserted discriminating against foreign ships and in favor of American vessels but the Senate would not agree to it. In defending this proposition Madison ably explained his theory of government and advocated a system "of commercial retaliation and reciprocity" that would cause other nations to respect us and would, as he thought, greatly reduce the possibility of war. Thus in this first Congressional discussion we find the beginnings of that tedious and interminable argument about "tariff for revenue only," "protection of American labor," "discriminations and subsidies," "retaliation and reciprocity." that has gone on through all the long years since.

After the Revenue Bill had been disposed of Congress proceeded to establish three executive departments, the department of State, the department of the Treasury, and the department of War. Madison also introduced this proposition. On the question of appointment there was no disagreement,—the Secretaries were to be appointed by the President; but then how about their removal when once appointed? That

appeared to be a horse of another color. Could Congress authorize the President to remove them or could they be removed only by proceedings in impeachment or must the Senate consent to their removal or did the President already have the power to remove them? Over these queries there was a big discussion. What did the constitution say about it? Nothing? Nobody had ever thought of it before and our political fathers were left to grope their way in blind darkness, so blind indeed that they could not see the horrid form of the monstrous "spoils system," though it was so close that they ought to have smelled it if they did fail to see it. Madison thought the President ought to have the power and this view finally prevailed.

Then Washington called to his assistance three personal friends in whom he had great confidence and to whom he was greatly attached. One was his neighbor, that noble Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, the champion of human rights and a free government and an equal chance for all of God's children in this world, which is their inalienable birthright except they forfeit it by crime. He had written and signed

the Declaration of Independence and had represented the Confederacy at Paris and Madrid, and to him Washington confided the management of Foreign affairs. Hamilton was made Secretary of the Treasury and Henry Knox Secretary of War.

At the second session of the first Congress, which met in January, 1790, Hamilton made his first report and recommended his financial plan. This report is one of the most celebrated papers in the archives of our Government. He advocated the Funding of the national debt and claimed that a national debt would be a beneficial asset, because it would serve the purpose of money in exchange and would tend "to cement more closely the union of the States."

Every body agreed to Hamilton's proposal to fund the national debt, which was then about \$54,000,000, but when he further proposed the assumption by the national government of the State debts, amounting to about \$25,000,000 more there was strenuous opposition. The State certificates had mostly been issued to pay and support soldiers in the Revolution, but they had depreciated in value

and the original holders had been driven by necessity to trade them to speculators for next to nothing and often they were absolutely without value. But as soon as Hamilton's report was read there was a boom in the value of these State certificates and they became the subject of active speculation. Now if they were assumed by the general government and paid off at face value it would mean fortunes to the speculators but nothing to the original holders, the brave men who had fought the battles of the Revolution. Madison,—sincere, honest Madison,—felt compunctions of conscience on the question and brought forward a scheme to pay part at least to the original holders, but the fallacy of this scheme was easily shown.

The arguments on the question of assumption of the State debts continued in Congress for days. It was urged in its favor that these debts were mostly contracted during the Revolution in the common cause, that those States that had suffered most from the ravages of war were the most deeply in debt, and that as the constitution denied the States the right to levy imports or coin and issue money they were thus

deprived of the means to pay. On the other hand it was held that State certificates had been accepted knowingly on the sole credit of the States, that the constitution did not permit their assumption, that it would be unjust, that States that had tried to pay their debts and had guarded their credit would now have to shoulder the burden of the more improvident ones, that it would make taxes higher and that the States had not expected it nor asked for it, with but one exception. Mr. Madison was one of the leaders of the opposition and boldly denied Hamilton's theory that a national debt is a national blessing. He believed it to be an evil to get rid of as quickly as possible. After many ups and downs and weeks of plotting and scheming the assumption proposition carried, through a trade by which the capital of the United States was to be permanently located on the Potomac river. In return for this two Virginia members voted for Assumption and the bill passed and we can but think that at the time and taking everything into consideration it was no more than right and was a wise and generous thing to do.

The question of Funding, Assumption and the



location of the National Capital having been disposed of, the next great debate in Congress came up in February, 1791, when Hamilton's National Bank Bill was introduced. Many able men defended it, but the opposition, led by the doughty little Madison, made it hot for them, and in reviewing his arguments and those of others for and against the measure it is interesting to trace out the beginnings of those ideas and questions which for years throbbed for settlement and upon which the fate of the nation often seemed to hang precariously. Thus in the argument over the constitutionality of the Bank Bill there came up the question of implied powers, for which John Adams, Elbridge Gerry, Fisher Ames, Elias Boudinot and all the Federalists contended, claiming that these implied powers lurked in the preamble of the constitution, where it speaks of securing a more perfect union, promoting justice, providing for the common defense and general welfare, etc., thus opening a convenient doorway by which all things, wise or otherwise, could be done and have been done, from the establishment of Hamilton's National Bank to the acquisition of the Philippines and the gathering of

agricultural statistics for the benefit of the stock gamblers. Against this doctrine of the implied powers the Anti-Federalists fought with all the strength their souls possessed for it was a direct blow at their theory of government and a menace to the doctrine of State supremacy that filled them with fear and dark forebodings. Their idea of State sovereignty depended upon a strict construction of the letter of the constitution, and to grant implied powers paved the way to a complete usurpation on the part of the national government of all the prerogatives of the States and their being crushed down and virtually obliterated under a tyranny as oppressive as that of England, until the country would become a monarchy at last and the President a king. Madison contended that the constitution should be interpreted always according to strict, unalterable rules. It should not be so interpreted as not to destroy the character of the government; the consequences of an act should always be considered; the intention of the framers should be sought out. The preamble, he contended, was limited by "particular enumeration of powers in the constitution;" the powers reserved

to the States should not be superseded; the constitution should not be administered by a set of rules and arguments diverse from those used in securing its adoption and ratification; and under it he found no warrant for the establishment of a National Bank, which after all would be but following Great Britain and would be a step backward. He was ably seconded by his colleagues but the bill passed Congress and was signed by Washington in spite of the opposition of Jefferson and the Attorney General, Randolph. A very bitter feeling prevailed at the time but the country so loved and respected Washington that he was re-elected in 1792 without opposition.

By this time there were two parties in the field, with clear, distinct issues, championed by able leaders in Congress and distracting the minds of the people to an extent little realized in our own times of political apathy and sham. The Federalists were bold innovators, striking out for means and measures that alarmed the more conservative Anti-Federalists, who soon fell into the habit of obstructing, suspecting and opposing everything, while the others, led by Hamilton, standing for a consolidated nation with a strong

central power, even verging toward monarchical, had for a while at least the success that usually attends a force that acts in the offensive. Jefferson, though somewhat indolent and disposed to let things drift along in their own way, yet by the prestage of his name and position, became the leader and standard bearer of the Antis, or Republicans, who stood for guarding the rights of the States and keeping the Federal power weak. The difference between the two ideas was the difference between adhesion, a mere sticking or glueing together, and cohesion, the firm cementing and uniting of the States into one indissolable nation. Madison had originally favored a strong central government but he became a party follower of Jefferson. Under the Articles of Confederation Congress could only recommend measures to the States; it could not enforce them, as it possessed no executive power, and there was no head to the government. Great evils flowed from this source, for each State did as it pleased and all suffered alike from the effects of mis-management and non-union. But the Anti-Federalists, when the government was established under the constitution did not believe in going to

an extreme in the matter of consolidation.

The fight in 1792 was over the Vice-Presidency. The Federalists were for John Adams, the Republicans for Clinton. The former received 77 electoral votes, the latter 50. By this time Madison and Hamilton, who had formerly been warm friends and had worked together for the formation and adoption of the constitution and the conservation of the fortunes of the young republic had become bitter political foes and Madison, jealous of the influence of Hamilton over Washington, became estranged from the latter, as did also Jefferson and Monroe. Washington leaned toward Federalism, despised the French Revolutionists, desired a strong central government and was wholly under the influence of Hamilton and his partisans. Hamilton was deeply cut by the desertion, as he viewed it, of Mr. Madison, as he had expected him to give his hearty support to all efforts to strengthen the Federal government and build up the public credit. Writing to a friend in 1792 he said, "When I accepted the office I now hold it was under full persuasion that from similarity of thinking, conspiring with personal good will, I should have the

support of Mr. Madison in the general course of my administration. Knowing the intrinsic difficulties of the situation and the powers of Mr. Madison, I do not believe I should have accepted under a different supposition."

We might notice next the trouble with England in 1794; and first let us mark the causes.

The English still held several Western posts contrary to the treaty of 1783. They exercised the insolent right to search American ships on the high seas, to confiscate cargoes and to impress seamen. They seized and condemned hundreds of American vessels and closed the West Indian ports to American commerce. On the frontier the Indians were stirred by British intrigues into hostility to the Americans and the growth of the western settlements was retarded. Many pioneers were killed and the rest were in constant danger.

Some advocated commercial retaliation; but that was a slow, unprofitable and unpopular method. There were only two other methods to pursue, either in the present weak, unsettled condition of the Republic to go to war with the strongest military and

naval power on the globe or to submit to British insolence and make the best of it, and this last method was the one adopted. Whether it was the best under the circumstances or not it was extremely unpopular and proved a death blow to the Federal party.

In 1794 Washington sent John Jay, a Federalist and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to England to negotiate a treaty. He was instructed "to demand compensation for British spoliations of American commerce," "to insist upon an immediate surrender of frontier posts," and if these demands were granted, to arrange a treaty with England based on reciprocity in navigation and trade. While Jay, who was unpopular, was in England; British ravages on the high seas continued, a force of British troops invaded Ohio and built a fort and excitement and indignation throughout the country and especially in the South continued to increase. On top of all this Jay submitted to every demand of the British government and negotiated a treaty so weak and altogether unfair that it raised such a storm of opposition in the United States as seriously threatened to overturn and engulf the poor republic in the yawning waters of annihilation.

But perhaps after all as Horace Bushnell contends, government is indestructable and does not rise in our hearts and flow forth from our wills but comes down from God and is impressed upon us by a power other than ourselves and greater, and not dependent upon our caprice or our consent; or that, being "incapable of annihilation" it would ever issue forth from the same molds, or in other words from the same minds, with the same characteristics and earmarks and be virtually the same government just as a man is the same individual, however many nights he sinks into the Nirvana of sleep and rises to a new existence each morning. Whether it were safe thus to solace ourselves with the thought that our Union can never be destroyed, and, ceasing to maintain that vigilance which they say is the price of liberty, rock ourselves to sleep with soft lullabies to awake some day to find our liberties gone, certainly it would seem that the Nation had originally the proverbial nine lives of a cat, it has weathered out so many storms and withstood so many shocks.

However it is well to remember that no one man or set of men is the government; though "Garfield



is dead the government at Washington still lives." The Federalists had their day; were the victims of the times and circumstances; struggled for a brief period against the breakers that surged around them and then went under, but the Government did not die with them; but in spite of foes without and infinite prejudice and clamor within it lived on and still lives.

Madison denominated the Federalists "a British party, systematically aiming at an exclusive connection with the British government and ready to sacrifice to that object as well the dearest interests of our commerce as the most sacred dictates of national honor." Livingston said "Our disgrace and humiliation greatly exceeds my expectation." But the Senate confirmed and Washington signed the Jay treaty. He did not like the treaty but considered it the best terms obtainable. By signing it he made himself unpopular and brought down such a storm of abuse that he was led to wish that he were dead, and at rest in the peaceful grave. On the motion of Edward Livingston of New York the House of Representatives demanded copies of Jay's instructions and all correspondence concerning the treaty but the

President flatly refused to comply with the demand. This brought on a discussion on the question of Executive Prerogatives or in other words of the President's powers; but the people concluded to "follow where Washington led;" a majority in Congress supported him and for the time the Republicans were at the lowest ebb of their fortune, with their ranks broken and their leaders discouraged; but it was the turning of the tide.

In 1796 John Adams was elected President by two electoral votes. Jefferson was the Republican candidate and according to the law of that day he became Vice-President. At the time the Federalists were in the majority in New England, New York, Maryland and South Carolina. The rest of the Southern States and the Middle States were Republican.

In 1789, stung to radical action by the murderous and corrupt policy of the French revolutionists, the pernicious activity of their allies in America and the licentiousness of the press of that day, the Federalists, who were then in complete control of the Government, passed laws requiring fourteen years residence before a foreigner could become naturalized,

giving the President power to expel aliens from the country, and making it a criminal offense to write, print, or publish anything false, scandalous, or malicious against the President, Congress or the Government. These measures raised a howl of opposition from the Republicans. Led by John Breckinridge, the Kentucky Legislature passed Resolutions declaring that the Alien and Sedition laws were unconstitutional, that the States, having adopted the constitution, were the proper judges of its violation, and that they had a right to interpose and nullify any act that was manifestly in violation of it. The Virginia Assembly also passed a set of resolutions—by a vote of 100 to 63,—upholding the freedom of the press, declaring that the Federal government is a compact, and claiming that in case of a “deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise” by the Federal government of powers “not granted by the said compact, the States have the right and are in duty bound to interpose” “to arrest the progress of the evil and maintain” “the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them.” The Resolutions closed with an expression of loyalty to the Union, fidelity to the Constitution

and an appeal to the other States for co-operation in maintaining the rights and liberties of the people.

While there was perhaps nothing more intended in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 than an expression of that jealous vigilance that is the essential price of liberty and which was so fitly illustrated by the cackling of the Roman geese, yet it was in effect but the paving of the way for revolution and internecine strife. But in those early days men in Congress were always threatening nullification and secession over every important question up for discussion. Madison, in old age, vigorously opposed nullification and contended that the Virginia Resolutions of 1798 were nothing more than a mere expression of opinion. He was a strong unionist and true patriot, and so also was Jefferson. Both were broad minded men. When South Carolina thirty years later undertook to put the doctrine of nullification into actual practice the Virginia resolutions were referred to as a precedent and example and the assertion was made that Jefferson was the originator of the doctrine. Thomas H. Benton denied the truth of this assertion. Daniel Webster in his argument

with Hayne in 1829 denied the claim that the Virginia Resolutions supported nullification. He said "they were merely an assertion of the right to dissent from Government measures." Albert Gallatin said that while the people had a right to resist unconstitutional laws an appeal should first be made to the judiciary, and he pronounced South Carolina's position "outrageous and unjustifiable." It is said that Edward Livingston wrote President Jackson's Proclamation of 1832 against the Nullifiers. Among other things it said that "the ordinance of nullification was not founded on the indefeasable right of resisting acts which are plainly unconstitutional and too oppressive to be endured;"<sup>7</sup> and it went on to say that there are two appeals to an unconstitutional act passed by Congress, one to the judiciary and the other to the people; and in a speech in the Senate in 1830 Livingston pointed out that an act which was palpably unconstitutional but was affirmed by the Supreme Court could be met, 1st, by a remonstrance to Congress; 2nd by an address to the people to change or instruct their representatives; 3rd by an address to the other States declaring the act unconstitutional

and void; 4th by proposing amendments to the constitution; 5th by a resort, finally, to the natural right which every people have to resist extreme oppression.

But the doctrine of Nullification and resistance to Federal authority was a natural outgrowth of an overweening jealousy for State Rights. Patrick Henry, George Mason, Richard Henry Lee and others of that day and time were great men in local affairs and sincere and upright in their intentions but narrow-minded, jealous and apprehensive. They loved their country and wrought for her welfare according to the best light they had; but from this selfsame theory of State Sovereignty was born finally the bitter fruit of rebellion and civil war, costing half a million lives and countless treasure; but it was overcome by the Federal Idea at last.

## Comments on Hamlet.



**S**HAKESPEARE'S characters are all English people. No matter where in time or space he plants his stage never a foreigner struts thereon. And Hamlet, represented to us as the Crown-Prince of Denmark, is merely a morbid, crack-brained young Englishman, as full of dreamy fancies and sentimental whims as an egg is full of meat. And just as the American people, in spite of their endless bickering with the mother country, never hesitate to appropriate to themselves anything and everything English without the slightest compunctions of conscience so in this case we unhesitatingly appropriate Hamlet to ourselves. He is no jabbering foreigner to us, but a kinsman and fellow-countryman, welcome to the best room in our hearts, though he is eccentric and hard to understand; we will put up with all that. And it really seems unfortunate that

Shakespeare saw fit to lay the scene of this great tragedy upon the shores of that petty sand-bar called Denmark, whose stolid, pig-headed, practical people would seem as far from such sentimental romance as we find here as the east is from the west. But this is no great matter. One does not read a dozen lines of this masterpiece of literature till he forgets Denmark, forgets England, yea and the whole world and is borne aloft, above the clouds into the blue empyrean of the imagination and drinks divine nectar. Worlds, suns, stars, forgotten, we float in the boundless realm of the spirit. Not in the universe of outward space but within the boundless inner chambers of the human soul towers aloft the starry dome of the theater of this immortal play.

The world has never yet attained to a unanimous conclusion as to what the great poet meant by Hamlet. He is yet something of an unsolved riddle. Different students have different theories. My own theory is that Hamlet was a failure. But let us not conclude that he is then unworthy of our study. It is interesting and inspiring, I grant, to study the character and career of the successful man, the man



who sees what ought to be done and knows how to do it,—who has the weight, the force, the organizing power, to act. Your Caesars, Napoleons, Luthers, are interesting men, they make history, they act, they are worthy of careful consideration; and besides, they are happy, they are self-satisfied people. They belong to one of two classes who enjoy life, to whom existence is full of meaning. The man who sees nothing to do but eat and sleep, and arise to eat again, enjoys life as surely as do the omnivorous swine. So on the other hand that class of men who, seeing work to do, act, knowing well how, they too find happiness and accomplish much. Humanity owes them a great debt, though they have also been a terrible cost, paid often in blood and tears.

But there is another class, of which I think Hamlet is a type, who see what there is to do but for some reason cannot act. They are as helpless as a prisoner in a prison cell looking out between the bars at the sunlit world beyond. They are so entangled in the meshes of a dastard fate that they cannot move, though the heavens beckon them to come. They hear the cry for help but can only answer with a wail

of despair. Such persons are the most unhappy in all the world. It is from this class that come our atheists, our pessimists, our wretched suicides. If worthy of nothing else they at least deserve our commiseration. They deserve pity rather than censure, for though they may be wise, cultured, gentle, brave, nature left them deficient in that innate power of combination, that secret influence upon outside forces, necessarily often exerted in servile methods that the proud spirit disdains though it be the road to glory, that assures great accomplishment. They may not be essentially cowardly or weak. Let some other show the way, combine the plot, and your Hamlets will ride cavalierly to their deaths though the gods hurl their thunderbolts around them. But while the burden of initiation rests upon such a character he is crushed beneath it and the world groans on under its blighting weight of unrighted wrongs.

Thus a Prince of greater organic ability than Hamlet, as soon as the murderous treachery of his uncle had been revealed to him would have conspired to overthrow him. He would have organized a re-

volt and hurled the usuper from his throne or perished in the attempt. Many a fiery youth would have thought of no other method. Thus Fortinbras, a youth of far less intelligence than Hamlet but more practical, was busily organizing an army to invade Denmark. His was a spirit of action, aggressive restless, executive. Of him Hamlet says:

“Witness this army of such mass and charge  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince  
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event  
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare  
 Even for an eggshell.               \*               \*               \*  
                  \*               \*               \*               \*               How stand I then  
 That have a father killed, a mother stained,  
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
 And let all sleep?

Again take the case of Laertes, a youthful student, a politician's son, scarcely more than a cypher, a creature to fill a vacant space, who yet, when dark and mysterious troubles gathered around him, his father murdered and hurried off to his grave in strange secrecy, and his sister crazed, gathered about him a force and hesitated not to assault the tyrant's

palace and batter down its doors, crying out for an explanation and for revenge, while his supporters boldly cheered him on, shouting, "Laertes shall be King."

And all this time Hamlet, the voice of his father ringing in his ear, every fiber of his own being urging him to sweep to his revenge, still droning on, doing nothing, pouring out his troubles on the viewless air, groaning and swearing. "The time," said he, "is out of joint, O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right."

Suppose Jesus had said "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right." Or suppose that Moses, or Luther, or Frederic II, or Washington, or Lincoln had uttered such feeble complaints. Such are the truly great and although they sometimes wavered before the storm as they realized their human weakness and matched it against the opposing, on-rushing tempest-hour, they never whined and cringed and cursed the fate that pitted them against the buffets of the blast. It is not from men who would thus whine and hesitate that the world expects achievements.

Hamlet was an example of one urged to a work for which he was incompetent. He had the will but lacked the force to execute. While he plainly saw the wide fields of achievement inviting him he yet was helpless to move. This made him most wretched. O the incompetents. Do not insult them, but pity them rather, for of all men they are the most unfortunate and miserable. Of this one a chaste and gentle spirit that loved and pitied him said in language that glitters like the radiance of gems.

“O what a noble mind is here oe’r thrown  
The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s eye, tongue, sword  
The expectancy and rose of the fair State;  
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,  
The observed of all observer’s quite, quite down,  
And I of ladies most deject and wretched  
That sucked the honey of his music vows  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.”

For although in the main Hamlet’s madness was feigned yet I think it is the conclusion of most of the

critics that he was actually insane. The sudden death of his father whom he loved most honorably, the hasty marriage of his mother to his uncle and the consequent shame of it, the hypocrisy and the deceit of those about him and the cringing homage they paid the usurping tyrant, the political meddling of others with his love for Ophelia, and finally, but not least, the appearance and revelations of his father's ghost, coming at a time when he was physically weak and morbid, all combined to shatter his mind and leave him a heartbroken, helpless wreck to plunge down the stream of time to a dark and certain doom, like a noble ship without helm or pilot. And O the irony of it! that he fancied he was playing madness. A madman playing with his malady; a play within a play, as we have here, which of itself is a key to the tragedy.

The story of the appearance of the ghost as given by the great dramatist is startling and surpassingly realistic. But in this connection I wish to notice the revelation made by the apparition concerning the future state. True we can never indubitably fasten the theories which a dramatist puts into the mouths of his characters upon the author; yet it seems to me

that in this case Shakespeare used what he considered the most reasonable theory of the spirit world, which is that of purgatory or an intermediate condition of the disembodied soul. It is a doctrine that holds a place only in the creed of the Roman Catholic Church and has been ruthlessly discarded by the Protestant sects, but it is at least a reasonable and consistent theory. The ghost puts it in a rather materialistic form, as follows:

“I am thy father's spirit,  
Doomed for a certain time to walk the night,  
By day confined to fast in fires  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purged away.  
But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul,  
Freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars  
Start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to separate  
And each particular hair to stand on end  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.”

Of course all this is fanciful. The whole tragedy is but a work of fiction. But the underlying thought in the above passage is the idea of an intermediate state of the soul called by the Catholics purgatory. It means a place where souls are purged and cleansed of all imperfections, and purified and rendered fit to enter the eternal heaven beyond. For into that heaven not the least that is impure or imperfect can enter, for it is the eternal home of the soul. Now we know, for reason, observation and the Bible teach us, that no human being is wholly pure and perfect, hence no human soul, as it leaves this world, is fit to at once enter that eternal heaven. Then there must be an intermediate condition where the soul is fitted and prepared for its everlasting home. There is nothing narrow, mechanical or arbitrary about it. It is a place of growth; perfection will not be attained in a few hours or days, but only in the drift of eons of time. If this world is a school it is a primary one where our education is only begun. That intermediate state is the university where our education will eventually be completed. And while there may be souls so blasted and blackened with crime that the



weight of guilt and remorse will sink them into an eternal hell yet I have faith to believe that God will suffer no good to be eternally lost but that if there is any good in a man it will eventually save him, though not until all that is evil and impure shall have been eliminated from his character.

“O yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill  
To pangs of nature, sins of will  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood

That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroyed  
Or cast as rubbish to the void  
When God hath made the pile complete.”

As has been remarked by other critics it seems a little inconsistent that Hamlet in his immortal soliloquy so familiar to all lovers of Shakespeare, should speak of “that bourne from whence no traveler returns,” when but a short time before he had conversed with his father’s spirit. But who thinks of inconsistencies when studying Hamlet? That soliloquy was uttered by one who had never seen a ghost, or if he had, yet for the time had forgotten it. It was uttered by a brother of ours, an unfortunate, ship-

wrecked human brother, whose heart was broken and who was fumbling darkly in the blinding gloom. Never a true-hearted reader but sympathized with this brother; never a true-hearted reader but this utterance found an echo in his own soul. It comes so near us,—one might have uttered it himself.

For three hundred years humanity has found in this great declamation something worthy of deep consideration. It was the uttered thought of one who was confronted by the dark and horrid visage of the temptation to self-destruction. Doubtless few have ever been confronted by that thought. Life is bright and pleasant to most people. Yet I doubt if anyone can fully appreciate the great tragedy of Hamlet to whom there has never come the dark thought of suicide. When we hear of some one who has taken his own life people say, "Ah he was crazy. He had lost his mind." I do not say that for I do not know; but I bow my head in silent sorrow for a brother who at least was brave. Let men say what they may of him, one fact stands out above all the surmising and the guessing—he was brave.

Hamlet, like many another, pushed the thought

from him, he hesitated, and there must be no hesitation, but simply a blind plunge. It must require a transcendent courage to nerve a man to take his own life—a blind, unhalting courage, that even ordinarily brave men often lack. Strange is it, this thing called courage. It may often be discovered where it can scarcely be commended. The world applauds the youthful scion of wealth and aristocracy who rides to his death, with a smile on his cultured face; but side by side with him may ride the uncultured frontiersman or the coarse ruffian, flinging their lives away as recklessly as the other. So where Hamlet hesitated and pressed aside the thought of self-destruction many a man of perhaps coarser fiber dares to make the leap.

The hope-blasting thought of death as an eternal sleep confronted Hamlet, "To die, to sleep, to be no more;" to pass out of existence, to become annihilated, instinctively the mind draws back, shuddering, from the conception. And then came what well appeared to him the most horrid thought of all, "perchance to dream." If death is an eternal sleep, if one is doomed to an eternal prison in the grave, let

no dreams come. Let that sleep be too deep for light to ever penetrate. If there is no hope of escape from that Lethian hell let me never arouse, let me never dream.

But we have a more hopeful faith that leads us to believe that death means the passage of the immortal soul out through the sunset portals into an infinite realm of light and warmth and radiance that shall fill us with an unutterable bliss. I care nothing for your jasper walls and pearly gates and streets of gold; it seems to me that what I crave above all else is the light and warmth and freedom of it. How burdened is this earthly life, how dark, how cheerless, hard, full of care and pain, and with the dread thought of death o'ershadowing it. But think of leaving all this behind and passing out into the light and life and liberty of an eternal home. O deny this hope to no fellow being. However he may lack in those things you may regard as requisite to his salvation, yet give him time; leave him in the hands of divine mercy. Some day he will find his way to the light.

“The whips and scorns of time; the oppressors

wrong; the proud man's contumely; the pangs of despised love; the law's delay; the insolence of office; and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes;" what a world of truth is here condensed, what a photograph of human life is here taken. Who of you who shall read this is not subject to moods and sensitive to every impression made upon you by the great world without? How often do you rise in the morning elatant in your high hopes and aspirations, to creep to your sleepless pillow at night heart-sick and disappointed? How often does it come to you that your puny efforts are scorned and useless? How often does the chilling thought confront you that the world has no use for you and would trample you into the dust without a shadow of regret? What do the tyrants of earth care for us? What are our rights to the oppressor? Does the brutal master care for the feelings of the slave? He regards them not. Did you ever feel the blight of the proud man's contumely? How scornfully he passes you by. How proudly he whirls along in his carriage which covers you with dust or spatters you with mud as you trudge along—you, the poor student, the unknown youth, the

scholar, familiar with the deep thoughts of God,—the philosopher, with whom all Nature communes. But think not of it children; my brothers, my sisters, let it pass; it is nothing. You shall yet live; your triumph is in the eternities.

The pangs of despised love are not easy to endure. How they pierce to the very soul, blighting, stunning, paralyzing, bewildering. What a pitiable wreck they leave. And the laws delay—do we know anything about that in our time? Why we have lynchings and riots almost every week because of it. Enter a suit in the courts and see how it will be delayed and continued from term to term and put off from time to time regardless of your rights and expenses. And the insolence of office, consider it. We call our public officers public servants. What a comfortable fallacy. How soon does the upstart non-entity who has worked his way into a petty office grow insolent. How quickly he turns his back on the very men who placed him in the office. What old soldier does not know how insolent were the petty orderlies and lieutenants?

And think of the spurns that patient merit of

the unworthy take. I have seen men in the pulpit who were unworthy to be there, who addressed assemblages of men and women more intelligent and cultured than themselves, who yet did not hesitate to bawl out their boisterous threats at those whom they chose to call sinners and rant and roar till it gave one the headache. I have seen lawyers prosecuting men who were their superiors in intelligence and virtue. I have seen petty officials strutting about in their brief day as though they thought they were really of some importance in the world. I have seen old ignoramuses sneering at the quiet culture and intelligence of the young scholar. I have seen men in the schoolroom who were unworthy of the trust reposed in them; yet all such unworthies, possessing of course that high opinion of themselves that always accompanies ignorance and feeble mental power, do not hesitate to spurn those of patient merit, and it is hard to bear.

# Am I My Brother's Keeper?



**A**CCORDING to the old Semitic mythology Cain, the first-born was a murderer. The first-born of humanity sounded the base note of inhumanity. The first-born of our race committed that crime in which all crimes are involved. In cold blood, in violence, with malice aforethought, he put forth his hand and took his brother's life, and in so doing became the father of a race of murderers. All that have followed in his footsteps since that far time when the virgin soil drank up his victim's blood have borne in their hearts and in their souls the brand of Cain.

The reason why Cain slew Abel is shrouded in gloom. Whatever it may have been it was only a trifling pretext. The unjust crime is the gist of the whole story. Whatever the pretext may have been the true cause lay in the envious and malignant



heart of the murderer. And the true cause of every murder that has been committed since has lain in the envious and malignant heart of the murderer. Cain's crime was but the great fore-type of all crimes.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" This was the awful question that Cain asked his God. This was the question that leaped like a dagger from the lips of the first murderer; and it is the question that has hissed fang-like from the lips of every murderer from that day to this; aye, it has been the heartless shriek of a race of murderers. Down the long and bloody trail of human history, from the legions of the sons of Cain that dark and damning cry has arisen to smite the fair face of heaven with its horrid lie and heartless hate. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Let us have a care that that demonic sentiment is not festering in our own hearts.

This question forms a key whereby we may discover the spirit of Cain. It was the spirit of selfishness, a spirit that cares for none but self, that regards not other's rights or other's interests. It is the spirit of the brute, which, originating in the animal appetite, in the bloody cravings of brutal passion, leads

to the ferocity of the wolves and tigers. It is the spirit of evil which transplants the ferocity of the wolf and the tiger to human breasts and sows broadcast in human souls the seeds of brutal passion that yield the age-long harvest of strife and hatred, blood and tears. It is the spirit of the murderer who in his awful frenzy of passion takes his brother's life and marks his soul with the brand of Cain.

For no man ever yet took the life of a fellow man but like Cain he slew his brother. All men are brothers. "He hath made of one blood all nations of men?" And blood-relationship makes brothers. Brotherhood is constituted by the ties of consanguinity, And wherever men may live, whatever may be the color of their skins, whatever may be their physical, moral or mental condition or however they may be situated, they are brothers; and to take life willfully and wantonly, in private brawl or on the wide extended field of battle is to repeat the crime of Cain and incur the same penalty; and there are today not only individuals but whole nations that bear the mark of Cain.

In the parable of the good Samaritan we have

three classes of men represented. The first is the Robbers who fell upon the traveler and stripped him and wounded him, and left him half dead. Now it would have been all the same to them if he had been wholly dead. That they left him only half dead was an accident; it was merely the chance result of reckless haste. To all intents and purposes they were as much murderers as they would have been had the traveler been left wholly dead. The truth of this conclusion no one can deny. They had murder in their hearts, and the mere fact that in this instance they happened to fail to complete their bloody work does not relieve them from the charge of murder before a tribunal bar where the very thoughts and intentions of men are weighed as in a balance.

Now these murderous thieves represent a class of men. They represent the criminal class of humanity, the class that harbors in the dens of wickedness and degradation in our cities, who appear before our public courts and fill our prisons. But they also represent a spirit that is abroad in the world, the spirit of brutal, demon-like selfishness. It manifests itself in the man who seeks to plunge his

country into the horrors of war. It manifests itself in the man who glories in the carnage and rout of the battlefield. It manifests itself in the man who evermore seeks by some lie or trick to cheat and rob his fellowmen. It manifests itself in the man who will keep a saloon. It manifests itself in the man who seeks to ruin a woman's character. It manifests itself in the man who roams the fields and forests seeking to destroy the little living forms that God has created. It manifests itself in the heartless vanity of the woman who will wear a little dead bird pinned to her hat. It manifests itself in that class of people who are strangers to every sentiment of unselfish love for God and his works; in whose narrow, brutal hearts there is no room for others. All these are the children of Cain.

But the Priest and the Levite represent another class which, though differing from the robbers in outward action and appearance are yet equally heartless and selfish. They have the spirit of selfishness, and as sure as there is justice, that spirit will bear its legitimate fruit and receive its certain recompense. And if nothing said concerning the robber class has touched ourselves we may find something

in these hypocrites that will come home to us.

They too were dominated by the spirit of Cain. They were as truly murderers as they would have been had they killed the traveler with weapons. They would not have been guilty before a civil court; but before the bar of God men are judged by the spirit that is in their hearts. They did not assault the traveler; but they found him stripped and wounded and perishing and they neglected to save him. Now before they came the robbers alone were responsible; the priest and Levite were not responsible until they found the man; but in the very hour in which they found him they became sharers, coequally with the robbers in the responsibility; and when they passed him by and left him to perish his blood was upon their heads and they stood guilty before the court of infinite justice for his murder.

But after all the traveler did not perish. Does that make any difference as far as the responsibility of the priest and Levite are concerned? Not a particle. It was not through any effort on their part that he was saved; they had nothing to do with his rescue; and they were as guilty before God as they

would have been had the man actually have died. The bare fact that they passed him by when they could and should have saved him constitutes them murderers, and legitimate sons of Cain. Here is the great truth we seek, that he doth murder who neglects to save. Let it ring in our ears in the days to come, that he doth murder who neglects to save. Let it be stamped in our minds and burn in our souls, that he doth murder who neglects to save.

But all this applies with greatest force to spiritual things. That spirit that is abroad in the world that leads men to take their ease and seek only their own gratification while their fellowmen are drifting to ruin; that emboldens them to look up as it were in God's face and say, "I am not my brother's keeper. He is nothing to me. I am not responsible for him," is as much of the devil as was the spirit of Cain the first murderer. It manifests itself in those men and women who have brought children into the world and neglect to train them up in the love and admonition of God. It manifests itself in men who enter the Christian ministry for the money there is in it. It manifests itself in men who refuse to con-

tribute their just share of the money needed to maintain the Church and send the gospel to the poor. It manifests itself in men who sit at home in idleness and dirt and refuse to go and hear the gospel preached and perform their part in the advancement of the standard of true religion but who, like Galleo, care for none of these things. It manifests itself in those who neglect to use the talents and opportunities their Maker has given them in the Holy service of God and men.

But the Good Samaritan represents the spirit of unselfishness, the spirit of humanity, the spirit of Christ, the spirit that manifests itself in seeking to save others, in spending and being spent in the uplifting of mankind and the salvation of souls. There is only one way to get the spirit of Cain out of men's hearts and that is to get the spirit of Christ in its place; they must be born again; they must be filled with the love of God. Louisa M. Alcott said that her father and mother taught her that the love of God is best manifested in love for our fellow men, and a life consecrated to their service; that to live for others is to serve God. "That soul is lost that's saved alone."

John the Apostle says: "If a man say 'I love God,' and at the same time hateth his brother he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we, that he who loveth God should love his brother also."

The subject we are considering involves the great conflict between the spirit of hatred and the spirit of love. The history of the world is the history of this conflict. It begins with the ferocity of brute beasts, when the stronger and fiercer evermore devoured the weaker. But even the dark picture of brute struggle among the lower animals is lit up by the first faint dawn of kindness and unselfishness, in the mother love, leading even the most timid of creatures such as the quail and the squirrel to die for their little ones. The earlier chapters of this history give us the faint outline of an age-long struggle between savage men when for thousands of years there was a condition of universal warfare. Yet the mother clung to her babe and loved it unto death, and the patriarchs walked with God and through faith obtained a good report. In the darkest hour the dis-



couraged prophet was told that seven thousand had not bowed the knee to Baal. The spirit of charity was struggling upward. Ancient mythology recognized it. Prometheus, out of pity for man, stole fire from heaven, brought it down to earth and gave it, a precious gift, to mankind; and though condemned to ages of torture yet gloried in what he had done. And the beautiful story of Orpheus, who, with his sweet music, charmed the savage beasts and still more savage men, broke the power of demonic spirits, and subdued into calmness the winds and the waves, was an illustration of the power of love. And we can read more clearly the later pages in the history of this great conflict. Jesus Christ, worthy to be called the Son of God, appeared, as the incarnation of the spirit of love. Well might the angels sing at his birth, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." He was an example of a life sanctified to loving and holy service. In the long centuries since his day the great struggle has still gone on, but love and righteousness have constantly gained ground. The example of the love of Jesus and the influence of the Holy Spirit have constrained men to cast out the old

spirit of hatred and secure a witness in their souls that they have passed from death unto life because they love their brothers. And, taught by the great lessons of the past, encouraged by the evidence of our own experience, and sustained by our faith in God, we can today look confidently forward to the ultimate triumph of the power of love. And in that triumph we ought to share, and may share if we will become followers of the meek and lowly Christ. "Today if you hear His voice harden not your hearts." His conquests are not with bayonets and cannon but he says, "My son give me thine heart,"

# The Voice of the Past?



“And thy ears shall hear a voice behind thee saying, ‘This is the way, walk ye on it.’”

**W**E confront the dim future. It appears dark and uncertain. We are borne onward by the irresistible tide of time. There is a heavenly mark toward which we should aim; there is a haven of safety toward which we should steer our storm-tossed barks; and the way thither is a righteous way, a highway of holiness. It is a strait and narrow way but it leads to life eternal. If we turn to the right or to the left, if we deviate from that true way we wander in a wilderness of darkness and error. The wage of sin is death, and when we leave the true way, we go toward inevitable destruction, to escape which we must necessarily turn about and struggle back to the right path, and often half our lives are wasted in this way.

Then how are we to guide our steps in the right way? The future is hidden and there is no sufficient light comes from within. Reason is a cripple and goes habitually on crutches. Conscience is uncertain and depends upon whatever one believes. It is a lamp that often feeds on putrid oil; a light that often grows more and more feeble until at last it expires in darkness. If then that light be turned into darkness how great is that darkness. Then where shall we turn for guidance? Listen! That word comes from behind; the voice issues out of the mighty Past. The experience of the fathers, the triumphs of the faithful in the centuries gone by, the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles, the precepts of the prophets and the commandments of the God of righteousness, come to us fraught with deep import.

Our elders and forefathers humbled themselves and in meekness and humility, with tears and bitter groans sought God in his power to heal and save. Are we better than they? Are we exempt from the divine law of sacrifice? Can we expect to stalk into heaven with all our pride and selfishness cankering in our hearts? No, but in the good old way our

elders trod let us seek heart-felt religion. At the altar of mercy let us implore God to take away our stony hearts and giye us hearts of love, of tenderness, purity, unselfishness, meekness, that with one accord we may continue daily, in the temple or at home or from house to house, eating our meat in gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favor with all people.

That voice of the Past tells us of the triumphs of the faithful. "Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the eternal city." Faithful to the example of their Master the disciples went forth to preach, the martyrs endured the flames, the saints confronted scoffing and ridicule, the Christian missionaries dared the fangs of wild beasts and the assaults of savage men; yet in the hour of death they looked beyond with hope-light in their eyes to the heights of immortal bliss, and died in the triumph of a living faith. They went sweeping through the gates with shouts of victory. They heard the invitation of Heaven, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter in to the joys of thy Lord."

## The Higher Law of Sacrifice.



“**P**E have heard that it hath been said: ‘An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;’ but I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also; and if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat let him have thy cloak also; and whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain; give to him that asketh thee and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away. Ye have heard that it hath been said ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy;’ but I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just

and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

These rules and teachings, although exactly opposite to the natural promptings and impulses of the human mind, appeal to everyone as right. We are naturally inclined to resent injury, to defend ourselves, to conserve our own interests, and to hate our enemies. Here we are taught exactly the opposite and yet we feel that these teachings are good and true. For down deep beneath the surface, beneath our human natures, often overgrown with the weeds and brambles of evil deeds and earthly cares, there exists in each one of us a richer subsoil in which the nobler and truer ideals find a congenial home and take root and grow; a higher instinct, a diviner nature, that is akin to the fountain head from whence it flows, partaking of the character of our Heavenly Father; for He created us and preserves us; we are His children howsoever far we have strayed away

from Him; and deep down in our hearts there is at least something of that godly apprehension that enables us to recognize the higher truth and impels us to love its beauty and its purity.

These teachings are all second thoughts; their truth and value appear as the result of consideration. One's first thought is apt to be to strike back when attacked; we are disposed to defend ourselves, to meet injustice with injustice, to offset barbarity with barbarity, to set up the barrier of our hate against another's hate. On second thought we may perceive the wrong that lies at the bottom of such a policy.

It may be true that a policy of non-resistance might be carried to an extreme, and become absurd. There were times in the life of Jesus when he appears to have been filled with scorn and disgust at that which aroused the contempt and abhorrence of his great soul. It was not the upflaring of a petty, spiteful temper, but rather the exhibition of a righteous wrath, an indignation that he did not attempt to conceal. When he found the Temple occupied by a pack of contemptable, thievish traders he lashed them out, saying, "My house shall be called the house of prayer



but ye have made it a den of thieves." Sometimes it may be wise to resist, to resort to stern measures. It is never wise to carry anything to an extreme, for the result is inevitably either brutishness, savagery, anarchy, or a maudlin childishness and ridiculous mockery. Thus the rites and ceremonies established in the Bible ages when carried to an extreme become ridiculous and harmful. Some of the teachings of Jesus if carried to an absurd extremity would bar all progress and pave the way for the conquest of the world by greed and selfishness and the obliteration of all that is true, manly and independent, and the light of civilization would become extinguished or would have never blazed.

But it is the spirit, the principle, of these love-dictated laws that is important. Let us learn and obey and love that principle. For if disregarded the inevitable result will be a downward course step by step to brutality, war, confusion, lawlessness, anarchy, destruction; but if obeyed, the inevitable result will be an upward progress step by step to peace, law, order, civilization, salvation.

When we return evil for evil we sink ourselves

to the level of the one who first wrongs us. If another exhibits his savage and brutal nature by injuring or assaulting us should we then lower ourselves to his level and exhibit the savagery and brutishness in us? Surely not. But in obedience to the teachings of Christ, in conformation to the spirit of his laws, we rise above this lower plane to a higher, more cultured level and nearer to the high standard He has set up in his exhortation to us to be as perfect as the Father in heaven, who is above all base passions and motives, loves his enemies, blesses the unjust as well as the just and has no respect of persons.

This would be a convenient place to refer to the legal murders that are still occasionally perpetrated in the name of the people, thus making us all guilty alike. Our hands are stained with the blood of many a wretched fellow mortal who has been brutally swung from the gallows. This is a people's government. Every law is enacted in the name of the people; every criminal is prosecuted in the name of the people; every execution is in the name of the people; and thus because some misguided wretch has stained his hands with the blood of a fellow man and

lowered himself to the level of the brute and the savage we, the people, make deliberate haste to sink ourselves to his level by murdering him. And what is gained? How much better to confine him in a decent prison to be educated, morally influenced, taught a useful craft and compelled to do his part of the work of the world in a place where he can do no more harm. Have we the right to take human life? Should not human life be held sacred? Men may forfeit their liberty but never their lives. And are there not crimes as base as murder and may not deeds be done that demonstrate their perpetrators as malicious as one who in an evil hour takes another's life? Fraud, theft, arson, may be evidence of as depraved a heart as murder. Many murders are committed under the influence of intoxication, and the man who sells the intoxicating drink is to blame. But we do not hang saloon-keepers. They live on and flourish and continue in their fiendish work; but the poor, besotted creature who commits the murder is hung in obedience to laws enacted in the name of the people. May the time soon come when such a law will no longer disgrace the statute book but be eliminated forever.

These precepts teach a freer, larger, more liberal spirit. Jesus loathed a base, narrow, selfish, stingy soul; and is it not the same with all of us? Who does not know of a few selfish, penurious persons, who are too stingy to give good measure, too selfish to accomodate a neighbor, too miserly to ever regard other's interests? With what contempt such individuals are regarded by the whole community; even the little children detect such characters. How reasonably and righteously true is the underlying principle of these teachings, conforming as it does to the spirit of Nature, who pours out her riches freely to all without stint and in abundant measure. And Nature is but the expression of God's goodness, the manifestation of His love. He is the giver all good gifts, the fountain of all life, the source of all joy, all light, all beauty. These teachings are based on the law of kindness, which is spiritual sunshine, the cradle of all life, the creator of the home, the neighborhood, the nation; the cause and conservator of all happiness.

It was formerly taught that self-preservation is the primal law; but a more careful consideration of the matter leads us to perceive that self-sacrifice is the

first law. The old barbarous idea of self-defense is relegated to the inferior position where it properly belongs; it is set aside for a nobler, truer idea. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is a brutal thought, fit only for savage men. There is no progress, no growth, no elevation, no hope for humanity in it. It must give place to a more hopeful method. All Nature, all civilization, all morality cries for something higher, kinder, nobler. The mother must sacrifice her liberty, her self-interests, to her children, and therein finds a dearer joy, though bought with the travail of her soul. The soldier sacrifices himself for his country and the principles he believes in and therein finds a nobler happiness, though purchased perhaps with his own life blood. The fireman sacrifices himself for the interests of others. Every taxpayer brings his offering to the altar, a sacrifice to the general good. Every worthy citizen must toil with muscle or brain that humanity shall be clothed, fed, and otherwise provided for. The law of sacrifice is not only a law of love but a law of necessity.

See how men have been educated up to the law of sacrifice through the long ages. Experience has

taught them the necessity of it. Even self-preservation is but a school-master leading men to the higher law of kindness and altruism. Long ago it was discovered that in union there is strength and that union can only be secured through sacrifice. If there was ever a time in human experience when each lived wholly to and for himself there is no record of it left, and it was an indication of a low condition indeed. Probably from the outset man was a gregarious animal. Perhaps first united in families, later in tribes, he always found it convenient to guard himself behind a living breastwork of kindred, especially in the weakness of infancy or old age; and though preservation was usually the thought uppermost in his mind it could be secured only through somewhat of sacrifice. Finally nations were formed by the sacrificial merging of several tribes into one. The idea is carried to a great height in this country, where nearly fifty independent nations are united into one power, which disarms them and defends and governs them, deriving its just powers from the consent of the people in the different States, each sacrificing his own individual liberty to a great extent, that all may en-

joy a greater liberty. And we look hopefully forward to a time when there will be a Union of Nations in one indissoluble Federation.

“When the war drums throb no longer,  
And the battle flags are furled,  
In the Parliament of men,  
The Federation of the World.”

Competition in business, between governments for the acquisition of wealth, trade, territory, or in any other line, is brutal, anarchistic, self-destructive, and based on that old false foundation of selfishness that teaches that self-defense is the first law. It is slowly giving way to a nobler spirit. Co-operation, working together, unity of aim and effort, humanity coming to its own, sovereign of its God-given prerogatives, its more worthy heritage, economy of time, labor, life, wealth, the eradication of pestilence, ignorance, poverty, war, a correct solution of the criminal, liquor and labor questions, and more excellent educational and religious institutions and methods, will be among the results.

But sacrifice, as all things else, counts for little without love. The spirit of Christ must be in the

heart. All must be done for the sake of others, not for self. Such a spirit will lead to experiences undreamed of before; and that noble soul that would plunge into hell for the sake of others may also be led to seek heaven for the sake of others. Let it but follow the light to an unselfish discharge of sacred duty.



## Symbolism.



**T**HE entire Bible is full of wonderful word pictures, illustrating spiritual truths. But most people set the picture above the reality and if I cannot believe the literal story, if I doubt that the universe paused at the bidding of Joshua, or that the shadow on the dial turned backward to increase Hezekiah's faith, or that a man lived three days and nights in the maw of a living fish, I am called an infidel, barred out of the Church, and denied a right to hope, though I may perceive all that these fables teach and earnestly endeavor to profit thereby.

Suppose I see hung on the wall in my friend's house the picture of a beautiful landscape and I say, "Where is that scene?" He replies, "O, there is probably no such scene. The artist drew it from his imagination." I say, "Then throw it out. If it is untrue and there is no such scene then destroy the

picture." My friend might truly reply, "That would be unreasonable. Even if there be no such scene outside the brain of the painter the picture is still just as beautiful, just as inspiring, just as gratifying to the eye. The picture is only a picture but its impression on the mind of the beholder and the inspiration it breathes out is the reality, and the reality alone is of true value." Thus one man may believe that Daniel was actually cast into a den of lions and escaped unharmed through the grace of God, and another may not believe a word of it, and both may be inspired by the great lesson the story teaches. Spiritualize the man, the lions and the den, and the material encasement of the story crumbles away like a handful of dust in the bottom of a grave but the divine soul of the thing springs aloft and is glorious. For by it we are shown that a great, true, upright soul is safe anywhere; that though by the fiat of an unjust judge the upright man be cast into hell and among devils he will be serene and safe; he will make a heaven for himself. And conversely, though the hypocrite and unjust soul be enthroned in paradise it will be perdition to him. As Emerson says, "By

their own volition souls proceed into heaven or into hell."

The old Testament does foreshadow the New, just as all things foreshadow what follows. Each age is symbolled by that which precedes it. Yesterday was a fore-type of today. Today is a symbol of tomorrow. All things are types and shadows of Christ and he is a symbol of all things. All men are spiritually born of the Holy Spirit, consecrated to holiness, anointed princes, toil in the work-shops of the world, teach in the synagogues, are transfigured, crucified, resurrected. All men atone for the sins of the race, and ascend into heaven. As with each man individually so with the race. Jesus is a true symbol of Humanity, and Humanity is a type and shadow of God.

The great minds of every age have sought the interpretation of symbols. All material things are symbols, pictures, of realities that are spiritual. The pictures fade, change, disappear, the reality abides eternally. This is the universal language that all men can understand; our true mother tongue from whence all our idioms and vocal signs are derived.

Primeval man understood it to some extent; it was the only language the Indian could write. The interpretation of this spiritual language is the essence of all religious experience, the office of all religious teachings, the knowledge and application of the meaning of the Handwriting of God. The pagan, if in any degree wise, when he bows down to blocks of wood and stone, or to some living animal, does not worship the things before which he bows; they are the visible symbols of spiritual truths which appeal to him, and whereby he comprehends his own divinity and worships the God within his own soul.

## The Legend of the Serpent.



**T**HE story found in the 3rd chapter of Genesis may be fitly denominated 'The Legend of the Serpent.' Every age and nation has had its story tellers, and some ancient Assyrian or Egyptian genius invented this story to account for certain obvious facts in the natural world. The story, handed down from one generation to another, perhaps for thousands of years, its origin lost in the depths of antiquity and its author unknown, became part of the folklore, as it is called, of the Semitic tribes, and when the art of writing became known it was written down and preserved by the priests and credulous cosmographers of those olden times. It was as implicitly believed as little children today believe in Santa Claus. In those early stages of human history, when science and logic were unknown, people had a childish faith in such stories. There is a certain stage in the de-

velopment of man when he has the naive simplicity and unreasoning credulity of a child, and nearly all uncivilized tribes of men have their stock of legendary stories in which they try to account for facts in nature that especially attract their attention. Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is a collection of Algonquin legends which account for the origin of the evening star, the bad lands of Dakota, Indian corn, etc.; and a great many such interesting tales have been preserved in all countries.

Now the legend of the serpent was an ingenious attempt to account for certain interesting and well known facts. Men in primeval times observed the facts of nature with all the interest of children and they tried to invent reasons for these phenomena. The fellow that first told the story knew that it was the fruit of his own invention, but the simple minded people who in the long years to come listened to its rehearsal believed it with all their hearts. They had no minds to doubt it, because it appeared to them a reasonable account of the origin of things which they knew were true. The serpent was observed to crawl on the ground while other beasts stood more or less

erect. It was very subtle and treacherous. It hid in its grassy coverts, from whence it would spring suddenly and fasten its venomous fangs in its victim. There was a deep seated antipathy toward it in men's minds. Everywhere and always it was loathed, feared and shunned. The common mode of dispatching it was by crushing its head, but in this act men sometimes bruised their heels or were stung by the vicious reptile. All these facts are accounted for in the Legend, which says that the serpent was more subtle than any other animal, and because of its treacherous and deceitful inter-meddling with God's works was cursed by its Maker and condemned to crawl upon its belly, to eat dust, to be more degraded than any other beast and to be the victim of an unrelenting enmity on the part of all men forever, who would wage eternal war against it and crush its head at every opportunity. The passage, "Thou shalt bruise his heel," may have a deeper allegorical significance, the meaning of which has been lost; but to suppose it to refer to a combat between Jesus Christ and Satan is rather far-fetched, it seems to me.

Whether this story was originally connected with

the legendary tale of Eden or became attached to it in the course of time we cannot say, but in our Bibles it forms a part of the famous story of the Fall of Man, which to many minds appears to be an essential part of the Christian faith and without which it is supposed that the whole structure of religion would totter and sink to ruin. Such people have probably never really read the 3rd chapter of Genesis. The story told in that old book has no more to do with religion or Christian ethics than the tradition of the Flying Dutchman has to do with the American navy. There is not a word in it about either Satan or Christ. It is simply a tradition accounting for the origin of several plain facts in the life history of man, such as the origin of weeds and briars, the necessity of toil, the sorrows of motherhood, and the inevitable doom of death that awaits us all at last. The story did not antedate the facts but grew out of a knowledge of the facts. How absurd to think otherwise. When we are told that the serpent spoke up and said to the woman, "Has God said ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?" we know at once that we are in the land of fable and are being entertained by some



genius of the tribe of Esop, because we know that no reptile ever used human speech or held converse with human beings except in fable. When we read of the tree of life and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil we realize that we are dealing with an ancient allegory, or word picture, designed by some shrewd teacher of olden times to impress upon his listeners mind certain dimly perceived moral and ethical truths. And when we read how God walked in the garden in the cool evening hours, talked familiarly with his creatures and upbraided them for their faithlessness we realize that we are far back in the dim depths of antiquity, in a primitive world, and a long ways from the Nazarene who taught that God is a spirit, and Paul on Mar's Hill when he said, "In Him we live, move, and have our being."\*

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\*THE serpent in Eden, Satan among the sons of God, Judas in the Primitive Church, the worm in the apple core, the asp hidden in the heart of the rose—these are suggestive symbols and examples of that sin that lurks in the fairest of earth's flowers and in the noblest schemes of gods and men, sooner or later to ruin and destroy.

## The Religion of Moses.



**T**HE ancient Jews worshipped an invisible God but they entertained a very narrow, anthropomorphic conception of Him. He was supposed to be a very jealous, fierce God, liable to break forth in fury at the least provocation. He was believed to be the creator of all things but He cared little for aught He had created except the descendents of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. They were His elect and he esteemed their posterity above all the rest of His children. They were his chosen people; He was willing to do almost anything to assist them; but they had to obey Him or He would come down on them with a heavy hand. In one place He is represented as descending on Mt. Sinai in a cloud of smoke and with startling thunder and the people were required to keep at a respectful distance, "Lest" said He, "I break forth upon them and many perish."

Again He said "I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the father's upon the children to the third and fourth generation." Two of Aaron's sons displeased Him in some way and He struck them dead. Another time He caused the ground to suddenly open and swallow a large number.

Moses was a fit agent for such a God. Because the ignorant people made a golden image and worshipped it he called for volunteers and put three thousand to the sword there and then. Moses was a just, honorable man, clean in person and upright in character but subject to fits of consuming wrath. In Egypt he was enraged at the sight of an Egyptian beating an Israelite and he slew the Egyptian and lived for years an outlaw. Those years were spent in a region famous for its mighty rocks, its frowning cliffs and wind-swept sands. In a region so wild and lonely, amid such stupendous scenes of awful majesty, surrounded by the symbols of changeless power, it is not strange that his imaginative nature was wrought upon and that he came to hold a conception of God in conformity with the awful and majestic scenes around him. The God of the ancient Israelites

was not the gentle, faithful God of Abraham nor the Guardian angel of Jacob, but the God of Moses, fixed, immutable as the rock-ribbed hills of the desert, and fierce as the wrath of the man who smote the Egyptian and hid his carcass in the sand.

The Yahveh or Jove of the ancient Jews was supposed to reside upon the mercy seat over the ark of the covenant, a case designed first, no doubt, as a receptacle for the law tablets. In front of this mythical Deity was a table upon which were placed bread and drink dedicated to his use. Candles were kept constantly burning before this golden shrine and before it the sacrifices were slain and offered up upon an altar. The whole was surrounded by a tabernacle to keep out the weather and the prying eyes of the public. This tabernacle and its contents was from the first a mystery to the superstitious people and they were filled with awe and reverence.

Besides the private character of Moses and the character of the country where he spent the best days of his life, both tradition and the system of idolatry then dominating in Egypt influenced the author of the ancient Jewish religion. Tradition taught Moses

that an invisible spiritual, omnipotent Being had created the world in six days and rested on the seventh; that He had blest and hallowed the seventh day as a day of rest; that He had singled out Abraham, a man upright and faithful and almost alone in his day in the worship of the true God and pledged His word that He would make of him a great nation and give him the land wherein he sojourned as an inheritance forever; that his seed should be a chosen people; and that this promise was repeated to Isaac and Jacob. In an age when the begetting of a numerous posterity was esteemed an honor above everything, and the possession of children held to be the richest blessing in a man's cup of joy, and the bearing of sons the noblest pride of a woman's breast, it is not to be wondered at that men should imagine such things and readily bring themselves to believe that God had actually made such promises. This tradition taught that God was just and faithful, especially to those who were faithful to Him, but fierce and unrelenting to His enemies. He delighted in the sacrifices of the choice of the flocks of a pastoral people leading a nomadic life, dwelling in tents,

digging wells in a drouthy land, herding their cattle upon the rich meadows along the Jordan or amid the scant herbage of the desert hillsides. Afterwards the descendants of Israel drifted into Egypt and for a long period of time were held as serfs by the Egyptians. At that time a magnificent system of idolatry flourished in Egypt and Moses was familiar with every phase of it from his earliest years and it no doubt made a profound impression upon him. Temples and alters of the richest character prevailed and the priests were an exalted and privileged class, possessing power and wealth. They sacrificed to the sun, the sacred bull, the ibis, the river Nile and a host of idols, each a symbol of some real or imaginary power or attribute. They believed in mysteries and symbols, rites and ceremonies. They held to everything but liberty of soul and purity of heart. And while Moses abhorred their idolatry, their licentiousness, their uncleanness and immorality, he yet carried with him into the desert the impression made upon his very soul by their magnificent forms, their golden appliances, and far-reaching system of sacrifices. Perhaps he wished to surpass them if pos-

sible. He thought "Shall the true God have a meaner service than the false? No indeed, but rather a thousand times richer one." This idea, first cropping out in the golden appurtenances of the tabernacle of a wandering people in the Siniatic wilderness, culminated in the magnificent temple of Solomon and ebbed away centuries later in the costly pile of Herod and the lofty fane of St. Peter.

We cannot say that Moses was a villainous trickster. It is more probable that he was an honorable, upright man, filled with a lofty conception of Deity, and fired with a high ambition to lead his people, not only from slavery and the flesh-pots of Egypt to their own country, but from the slavery and flesh-pots of a low system of idolatry to what Moses concluded to be the true conception and religion of God. And to these gigantic tasks he devoted his life with a fidelity that has never been surpassed. His name properly stands high on the list of the world's heroes. He sacrificed everything to the uplifting of his fellow men, and to their advancement, and we cannot doubt that his heart was big enough to take in the whole world had he but had the light. But with such light

as he possessed he wrought nobly and led his people, from under the galling bondage of the Egyptians into the borders of their own country and gave them, a new code of laws and a better religion. This was his life work. It being finished, the Father in Heaven, in whose hand Moses had been a most faithful instrument in the great work of lifting the human race from the gutters of savagery to the blessed fields of light and liberty, put forth His hand and plucked the ripe soul and treasured it away among His jewels as a man would treasure up some choice fruit.



## Patience.



**S**LOWLY, slowly, the log was formed that you place upon the fire. Centuries old is the lump of coal that you cast into the grate. Ages have crept away since the rock you kick carelessly aside was formed. The mastodons and other monsters that once lived have been buried in the great cemetery of the Past and Nature has been patiently at work developing more perfect forms of life. Se we must learn to be patient like Nature, to work on long lines, to labor and to wait for the fruit of our labor, sowing today and patiently looking for the harvest in the days to come. If impatient men could have their way they would sow today and reap tomorrow. They would exhaust the soil, heap the earth with grain,—more than could be consumed. There would be no market for it all and mountains of unneeded produce would waste in the wintry

storms. Pestilence and eventually famine would ensue. But Nature is patient and provident and husbands her means, working out God's great purposes through the slow lapse of centuries. So we, if our faith is based on a true philosophy, will not grow discouraged because the world does not seem to advance as fast as we think it should, toward righteousness, truth and love; but we will patiently and faithfully look forward to a glorious consummation, trusting in the power and goodness of God to bring it to pass, and bravely doing our part.

## Reverence.



**I**N the wide sweep of creation, in the majestic march of worlds, in the infinite care bestowed upon the tiniest thing, in the long forethought manifested everywhere, and in the refulgent beauty that surrounds us, we see such a power and love manifested, that our hearts should feel the deepest reverence. No one with a rational, adequate conception of the order and immensity of creation will live an irreverent life. And reverence is not always shown in the bowed knee, or the babbling of a fluent tongue. It may not be manifested in any outward attitude, but rather in an unselfish heart, and an open mind, drinking in with wonder the great facts of creation, looking for good in all things and evermore thankful to Deity for the blessings we enjoy.

## Method.



A true philosophy makes us more methodical. There is an infinite method in Nature, whereby all its ends and aims are accomplished, and we realize that there must be method in our lives also, if we expect to ever accomplish any good. Nature is the constant obedience to fixed laws, which are never violated; nor is their violation necessary, there being ample room and scope for the fulfillment of all the great purposes of creation within the bounds of law. As Prof. Nathaniel Shmidt has truly said: "Men praise as divine freedom the action of an unconditioned Will producing the unforced harmony of a never broken order. Marvelous coincidences, strange occurrences, extraordinary displays of psychic power, they designate as miracles, without the slightest idea of a violation of the laws of the universe, least of all by Him whose perfect will these laws express." So

a man should have a purpose in life and that purpose should be the development and education of his soul, or, to express it in another form, his purpose should be the building up of himself; not with any selfish design, but that he may be the better fitted for that high mission, whatever it may be, for which he exists. And that he may be firm and enduring he must build himself up in a careful and orderly way. As nothing in Nature is left to chance, or carried on in a hap-hazard way, so it should be with our lives. Life is a glorious gift; carefully, carefully, let us build ourselves up.

## The Pot-Theistic Idea.



**M**ANY men, in all ages and lands, have regarded the potter and his pots as a proper symbol of the Creator and his creatures; and in their honest efforts to be true to the logic of their chosen simile have allowed themselves to be led into strange and ridiculous conclusions. To such an extent has this idea haunted the minds of thinkers and sophists that Carlyle, who, though always sneering at that disposition in men to everlastingly try to name everything, was himself an adept at the business, gave this a nickname. In distinction to Pantheism he called it Pot-theism. We might say that it stands at the very extreme or opposite from Atheism. Atheism holds to a mere vacuous, vague theory of Happen-So, and sees no God in anything; while Pot-theism sees him ever so plainly in everything, and makes out the Universe to be a great Machine, of

which God is the inventor, constructor, and sole operator. Man is an automaton, a mere irresponsible puppet in the hands of this Almighty Power.

It is interesting as well as pitiful to notice the effect of this idea on the minds of the world's great thinkers. It never staggered Paul's faith in the least, though he at the same time believed in Man's Responsibility and Heaven's forgiving Charity. Whether he failed to look deep enough to see the utter irreconcilment of such doctrines I do not know. With Calvin, Knox, and Edwards it led, to the gloomiest, barrenest sort of faith that has ever haunted, like a nightmare, the peace of humankind,—a faith without hope, all cold and dead, like a year without sunshine or summer.

To Omar Kayyam, and the unknown author of Job, and to many another noble son of that strange Oriental world where all things have a habit of settling down into fixity and slumber,—the land of the Lotus and the Sphinx,—the pot-theistic idea has led to black, wretched Fatalism,—human existence a mere prison, against whose pitiless walls these spirits have beaten their bright wings in vain. And in more

modern times, among the contemporaries of John Wesley, and the propagandists of recent sects in America, when men began to reach out eagerly toward something more hopeful and encouraging, to recognize the great facts of Free Agency and Human Responsibility, and were yet more or less enthralled by that figure of the potter and his pots, they were tossed back and forth and drifted into nooks and crannies like poor autumn leaves, fluttering and falling in the wind. For to reconcile Pot-theism and Arminianism would be like conceiving two bodies as occupying the same space.

Of the noble and beautiful doctrine of the Imminence of God, old as the day of Jesus and Paul, yet only of late years finding itself again voiced by worthy minds in fitting words, we might inquire what relation it has to ancient Pot-theism, or has it any relation therewith at all? We soon see that here too we must move carefully; bearing in mind that always, under all circumstances, we must steer clear of that old potter doctrine; for whatever the truth may be, that is an error and the fruitful mother of error.

A true philosophy of life must not be a mere



theory or arbitrary assumption, but an orderly, rational arrangement of facts, attested by history, observation and experience. The simile of the potter is a false simile and a system based thereon is mere false logic. In the great void of infinite darkness each conscious life is a little candle, a living light, glowing there for some little length of time; an independent being, a free agency, a tiny creator, growing and working in its native environment, and with all the countless other similar tiny agencies in the universe, affecting and influencing the contents of that time and all coming time, to a greater or less extent. That what each living free agency, each actor in the great drama of human existence, does, or what record it makes, can never be eliminated or blotted out, is the meaning of that portentous word, Fate; that is what Fate means. But the fact of these living, free agencies, that is the great fact never to be overlooked. It is no pantheism, this, nor materialism; much less pot-theism, thank God; for these free agents are not self-creative or necessarily born out of blind, unreasoning force or black chaos. The whole vast phenomena of existence may be, and we believe

is, the appearance or realization of a Transcendant Thought, the conception of an Omniscient Mind, whom men name God. But within this infinite, pulsating Tide of Creative Thought and Power, and born of Him, existing in Him, are these myriads of little, independent republics, working out, each for himself to a great extent, his own salvation or his own destruction.

## Truth Incarnated in Forms.



**T**HE child in the primary school learns numbers by concrete examples; as one horse, two horses; three trees, four trees; six eggs, a dozen eggs; but he soon learns to conceive numbers in the abstract, and presently we learn that mathematics is really an abstract science, eternally true, and absolutely independent of all concrete illustrations. Its truths are shown to us by visible and tangible things and are used by us when needed and are found quite convenient; but they are self-existent and do not depend on what we have and are. And yet we learn mathematical truth mainly through concrete examples. In other words the world of things forms the doorway and ladder by which we enter this magnificent temple and scale its lofty towers.

So with forms,—plane surfaces and solids,—do not the innumerable leaves of trees and grasses, and

the rocks and hills, the globe itself and the heavenly spheres, teach them to us and impress their meaning and their subtle influence upon our minds, over and over, throughout our lives? Are not these things for our education, and do they not lead us on and on, by pleasant paths, out into that illimitable realm of pure metaphysics, where truth and being are one, and exist pure and unalloyed, independent of time and space, forever and ever? Mother Nature is a great Teacher and seems to be quite partial to the Froebel method. Through innumerable concrete examples the dull children of men are enabled to catch an occasional glimpse of the wide fields beyond and to learn something of the eternal laws of God.

This leads us to consider the wonderful law and fact of Incarnations. Jesus is supposed to have been the incarnation of God, or the Son of God; but are not all men, all concrete things, incarnations as well? Each leaf is an incarnate surface form; Chimborazo is an incarnate solid; and every living being is an incarnation of a thought or trait of character. Each man acts his part on the stage of life for the edification of all; and through the concrete example of

human lives, the noble and the base, the favored and the unfortunate, the prince and the planter, the jurist and the hodman, the idiot and the drunkard, yea and our own selves, we are furnished living lessons that teach 'evermore the metaphysical truths that underlie all things and constitute the home and the habiliments of the soul.

I do not know why so costly and extensive a curriculum has been provided for our education. It is hard to believe that we are worthy of it, or that it was worth while to fill Infinity with a visible and beautiful universe to teach the noble truths of the Spirit to a race of moths that flutter a few brief moments in the twilight and are swept away then into the darkness forever. But who knows but the Christian's hope of immortality may yet prove true, and our Heavenly Father have some greater thing in store for us than yet appears. Anyhow can we afford to live these mean, sordid, selfish lives we now live, any longer, when that which is so transcendentally great is revealed to us, and calls us to something nobler and more worthy.

## The Things That Abide.



**I**N this our age the scientific spirit prevails, and closely allied to it the philosophic spirit, if indeed they are not one and the same. It is the spirit of inquiry,—a desire to know the facts concerning all things. Science asks How? It seeks to know of methods, agencies, transitions, particulars. Philosophy goes still deeper and asks Why? It seeks to learn purposes, objectives, reasons, ends. Science seeks to know how God created this world and all things else. Philosophy seeks to know why He created. This spirit of inquiry is not necessarily irreverent or irreligious. It is a blessing to humanity. It is the foundation of the schools. It has accumulated a vast mass of useful and inspiring knowledge. It has helped to uplift and civilize mankind. It is the spirit that inspires every intelligent, ambitious young man or woman who sets out to seek an educa-

tion, often in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. It manifests itself in all the leading men of our day; and although someone occasionally sets himself up in opposition to the onward march of this spirit such a one's efforts have about as little effect as the efforts of the old lady who tried to sweep back the waves of the ocean with a broom.

But all the results and revelations of the onward progress of science and philosophy have never yet swept away the great essentials of religion,—faith, hope and love; nor will they ever be swept away; they abide forever.

Now the Christian theology teaches that God, the Being who created the universe, is allwise and omnipotent. But the world, the work of His hands is full of evil, pain and death; and the actual world, as men find it, does not appear consistent with the idea of an allwise and almighty God; and, having no adequate philosophy to account for this apparantly glaring inconsistency, men conclude that there is no God. The atheist says, "There is no almighty and allwise God, else he would have created a perfect world and would have preserved it so." Let the atheist then

account for this world. What power caused it? He does not know.

But the mass of mankind clings to a faith in a supreme Being. How can they live without such a faith? All morals, all justice, all distinction between right and wrong, all true character, all rational philosophy, depends upon such a faith.

But there are three different, successive stages of faith. The first might be termed nature worship; a worship of God in the forces of Nature. Our ancestors, the ancient German and English tribes, had such a faith. Long before Christianity had been preached to them, before they had heard of the Bible, before they had been taught the Christian conception of God, they had a religion. We call it paganism; in reality it was nature-worship; a worship of God in the awful forces of nature,—God in the storm, God in the battle, God in the overwhelming billows of the ocean. Their religion, as is usual with pagans, was a polytheism. They worshipped Wodan, the chief god, from whence is probably derived the word God; and Thor, the god of wrath, of storm, of battle. He carried a great hammer; and it was sup-



posed to be he roaring, muttering and threatening when it thundered. And in honor or appeasement of these gods our forefathers built temples, dedicated alters, held services, made sacrifices, and celebrated feasts; but all the fruits of that pagan system was in the way of barbarism, tyranny, and superstition; never in the way of morals, liberty, and enlightenment.

But in the process of time Christianity was preached to our forefathers and they accepted it. They destroyed the temples and alters of Wodan and Thor and established in their hearts and homes the Christian conceptions of God and religion. Now the heart and core of the Christian faith is love, mercy, gentleness, peace;—exactly the opposite of the central idea of the old Scandinavian mythology, which saw God manifesting his true character in the tempest, the earthquake and the flood. They would no longer worship a god of wrath and hate and destruction, even if there did appear in the forces of nature evidence of such a god.—for they lived in a tempestuous clime—but they turned from such a conception of God to a conception of Him as a God of love,

mercy, peace. Though they had no philosophy to adequately account for a world full of sin and misery they refused to believe in a God who loved such things; no, but rather in a God who hated such things. They proposed to believe in a God of things

they ought to be. They shut their eyes to the actual world; they were unable to account for it. They dreamed a dream world, that was pure and perfect, and they worshipped a God of such a world; a world such as they supposed God would have created. This was a noble faith and it is virtually the faith of thousands today; of people who have not a knowledge of a true philosophy and no rational understanding of the reason why an almighty and omniscient God suffered the world to become so filled with wretchedness and wrong, but who still believe in God; and besides, they purpose to become co-workers and co-laborers with Him to redeem and save the world and make it if possible the kind of world they think it ought to be.

But there is a third and still grander and nobler faith, a faith in a God of things as they are. It is the faith of the enlightened and free, the faith of those who have a philosophy that satisfactorily accounts for the

creation of this world as it actually is with all its load of sin and shame by an allwise, omnipotent God. It is the faith that is destined to triumph over all obstacles and conquer the hearts of all men; it is the only faith that satisfies a thinking, rational mind. And though I were unable to perceive a single reason why God created a world full of pain and evil I would still believe in a God of things as they are, and would conclude that hidden deep in His secret council there was an all-sufficient reason known only to Him. But I think we can find at least two very conclusive and comprehensive reasons why God created such a world as this.

And first, it is a growing world; it is not completed yet; it is continually improving. It was once far worse than it is now; in time it will become a great deal better than it is now. And in the great work of uplifting and saving the world we are the agents of Divine Love; this is our mission; and by humbly obeying our calling we may make at least some sort of return for the blessings we receive from the bountiful hands of Divine Grace.

In the second place this world is designed to test

men, to discover what metal there is in them; not to satisfy the idle curiosity of God, but to test us to our own satisfaction, to prove us to ourselves. For after all is not the tribunal bar of judgment set up in our own souls? Are we not in one sense our own judges? Do not our own consciences, in those honest hours that come to each life, condemn us or approve us? And what is the decision? Are we standing firm against the temptations and buffetings of the world and struggling to build up a good character, to overcome evil, to redeem and save our fellowmen and make the world better for our having lived in it? Or are we weakly allowing ourselves to be carried away and swept down to the level of the brute? This world is as it is to test us and it serves its purpose well. By the time a man or woman goes through this life he or she is apt to be pretty well tried. In the end will we be able to say "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; I have finished the work that was given me to do." Or will we hear a voice say, "Depart, unprofitable servant; your life was a failure; you did not endure the test; you proved yourself unworthy; sink to the elements of your

choice; find your place in the realms of darkness."

Faith brings hope, the solace of life, the sunshine of the soul. First, hope for this world; hope that it will continue to progress onward and upward toward some golden destiny. What shall limit our hope, seeing what has been accomplished? What may not he who has faith expect? If we will get all selfishness, malice, envy, evil, out of our hearts we can almost hear the song the world sings as it swings along its shining pathway through the heavens and the music of the stars in the great gallery of space. And the Christian looks forward with hope to a time when the spirit will leave the worn out body and leap aloft into the beauty and freedom of a celestial world and there will burst upon the enraptured senses the majestic chorus of the spheres and the anthems of the angelic choir that sings around the throne of God that new song that has no pathos of death in it.

And love, the greatest of the Christian virtues; love, that creates the universe, that hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; love for God, the God of our highest ideal; and love for our fellowmen—the spirit of Christ in our hearts

that leads us to the place where we will lay down all for the sake of others and make of ourselves stepping-stones whereby others may rise to something better. And where shall we look for an example but to Jesus Christ, who was insulted, smitten, crowned with thorns, mocked and scourged, and nailed to the cross, hung between heaven and earth, suffering, bleeding, dying, a spectacle to men and angels, all for the great love he bore his earthly brothers. That was the sublimest manifestation of love the world has ever seen and it is an example that has not been lost to the world.

He was a manifestation of the Divine Character and for us to try to be like him means that we shall try to be godlike men and women. God is a Being of infinite charity, He pities men. He sympathizes with them. He evermore seeks to bless them. Jesus was the incarnation of this Divine Love. Following in his steps men become unselfish, broad, liberal, charitable. They rise above the base designs of self-interest. They struggle free from the enslaving fetters of heredity, and inherited prejudices. They look beyond the lines of political parties to the rights

and needs of all the citizens; beyond the interest of the denomination to the universal religious interests of humanity; they seek to understand the meaning of all human experience, to sympathize with everything ever achieved or suffered by a human soul. Not the party or sect or race of another is of paramount importance but the one great fact that he is a human brother, trying in his weakness or ignorance to give his best service to God and man; and whatever he may do, however small, let us respect him for it; and we will have all the better right to share in the triumphs of art, poetry, music, science, history, the glorious contributions of genius to the heritage of mankind.

“And now abideth these three—faith, hope, love.” We need not think these will pass away. They are the fundamental elements of religion; they are essential to rational life. As long as human life endures, as long as human souls exist, these virtues will remain. Let us constitute them a part of our lives. Have faith in God, hope in immortality, and love for the whole divine universe.

## THE SUMMER STORM.

In the gray dawn the storm king's herald's blew  
The call to arms,  
And forth in haste his obedient minions drew  
With wild alarms,  
Fought the fierce fight through long and lingering hours  
Till the foe yields  
And then his cohorts rush adown the sky  
To other fields.

Then Peace from her bright realms, o'er star-lit ways,  
Serene, comes down,  
Her robe sweet summer skies, and sunny rays  
Her golden crown.  
The quiet herds browse on the upland leas  
Mid honeyed flowers  
And joyous birds sing in the greenwood trees  
Through happy hours.

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## A MARCH DAY.

O dreary, desolate, bitter rain,  
Doth sorrowing nature weep and mourn  
With wailing dirge in sad refrain  
Another Calvary's tragic scene?  
For Christ is dead when faith has fled  
From souls in chains of error led.

But yet the thrush his song will sing  
And sunbeams thrill the world anew,  
A brighter day will greet the Spring  
An Easter Sabbath, grand and true.  
The Christ shall rise when faith's regained  
By souls no more in error chained.



## A PRAYER.

Angel of Love, enthroned above,  
To Thee we pray, to Thee we cry,  
Thy Spirit, like a gentle dove,  
Doth witness Heaven's benignity.  
And sweetly sayeth. "Weary one,  
Thy toil and trudge somewhere is known."

This life's wild ways, though a tortuous maze,  
Hath visions fair if Love benign  
Smile sweetly through the rifted rays,  
Of priceless sympathy a sign.  
But O black hell, if none e'er care  
So much as one pulse throb to share,

O smile on me, blest Charity,  
My soul is sad and full of pain;  
If thy dear face, O Christ, I see,  
I might have faith to try again,  
And struggle on a few steps more  
Along the dark, Plutonian shore.

## A HYMN.

O in our hearts, Lord, we shall never,  
While life shall last and hope shall live,  
Lose faith in Thee, our Heavenly Father,  
With power and love to lift and save.

Though Abram rests in bliss, oblivious\*  
To all our hopes and all our fears.  
And Israel hath no knowledge of us,  
Our faith in Thee abides and cheers.

We know Thou art our strong Redeemer  
In Thee we ever shall confide.  
Thy name shall be our joy forever  
When we have crossed death's chilling tide.

\*Isaiah 63:16.





